

Southern Gentleman

VOLUME XV SECOND QUARTER 1995 \$4.50

PARTISAN

By Grady McWhiney

Francis Butler Simkins



A

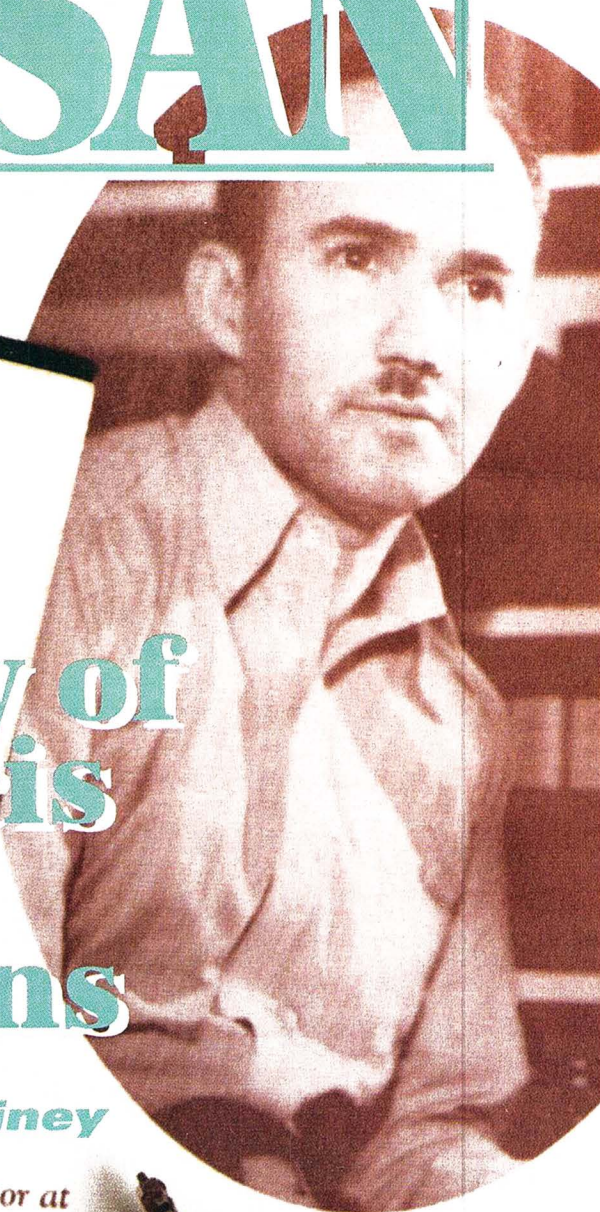
The Legacy of Francis Butler Simkins

By Grady McWhiney

History
OF
South

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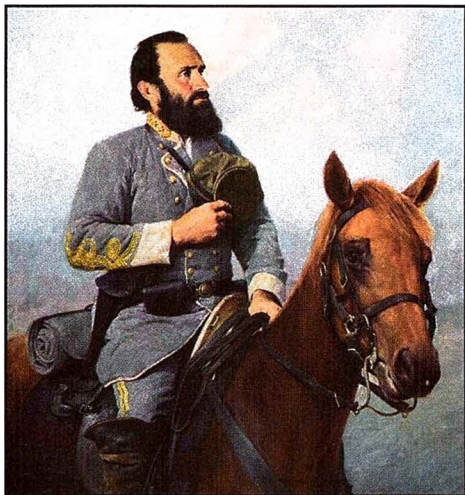


professor at
ained a member
end, he was known for
Dr. Simkins

South (several editions), South Carolina During
Confederacy, seventh-grade textbook on Virginia his
religious history of the South.

Louisiana State University in the late 1940s and had "a
part in writing "The Ghostly Legend of the Old South"

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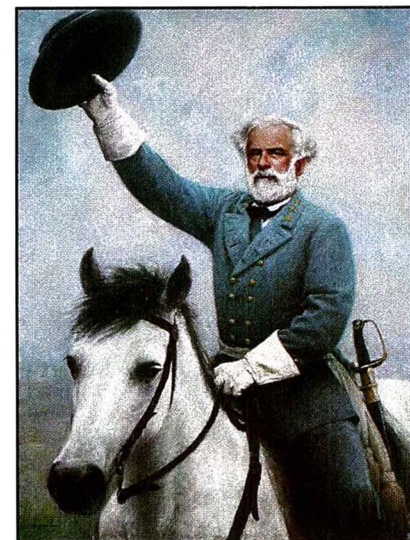
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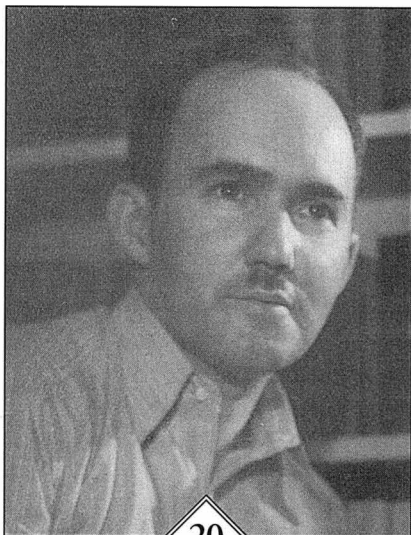
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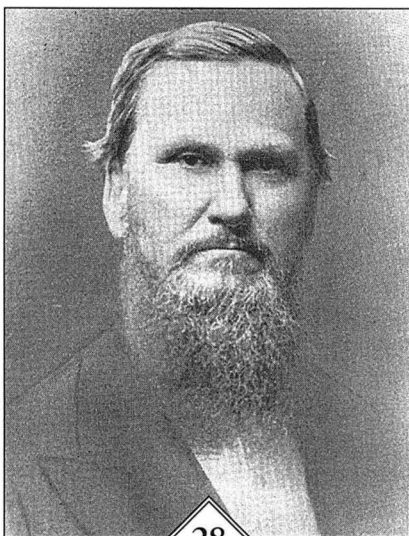
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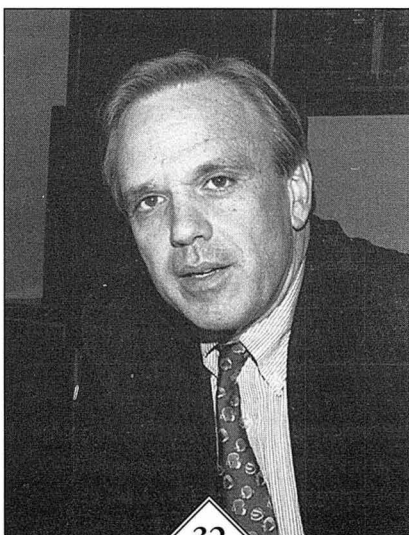
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Southern PARTISAN

"If there were a Southern magazine, intelligently conducted and aimed specifically, under the doctrine of provincialism, at renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together, something might be done to save the South..."

—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May 9, 1927

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PARTISAN letters

★ BILL & ADOLPH

Gentlemen:

One picture of Clinton in tonsorial drag ("The Fuhrery Over Oklahoma City," *Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1995) is perhaps one too many. Adding artwork to a photograph, like drawing a mustache on the Mona Lisa, is getting too close to the *National Enquirer* for my comfort. Also, the comparison with Hitler is giving Clinton far too much stature. Mad or malevolent, Hitler was a powerful leader with a grand design. Clinton couldn't lead a kindergarten class to the restrooms, and his grandest designs were tawdry assignments with the aid of state troopers.

The magazine is improving issue by issue. The color and layouts are top rate, and even the articles seem better. One caveat. I've noticed a tendency for the *Southern Partisan* to equate political conservatism with biblical inerrancy, not to mention denominational religiosity. If the Republicans fall into that trap, they will lose their butts in the next election. (Your interview with David Bovenizer is an example. I'm always a little leery of those who seem to have privity with the will of God. This may be the Bible Belt, but I should imagine that there were quite a number of agnostics in the Confederate armies.)

Jim Baird
Woodstock, Georgia

★ DEEP SOUTH

Gentlemen:

You have no idea how welcome *Southern Partisan* is when it lands in our mailbox. Some other foreign national professors here swear the university Foreign Affairs Office, which handles almost everything for us, reads

our mail and faxes. I feared the word partisan would exercise their political suspicions, but so far all copies have gotten through.

Expatriate colleagues at lunch are delighted to see *Southern Partisan*, a distinctive magazine, they must admit. My students, 22-year-old Chinese seniors, are mostly from the southern provinces of China: Guangdong, Fujian, Jiangxi, Guizhou and Hunan, and when I discuss assigned essays from Louis Rubin's *The American South*, the students sometimes smile cryptically. I thought at first they were smiling at my defense of the American South. My veteran colleagues say no: they're agreeing with me because they're Southerners too, not pleased at control of this country by folks in a city in the far north, 200 miles away on the 40th latitude (about the same as New York City). The students and I get along, not only because I'm a Southerner too, but also because their English is good and they can understand the accent of a South Carolina native.

On the day my students turned in their papers discussing an essay by John Shelton Reed in our textbook, I showed them your provocative conversation with Reed in Third Quarter 1994. They particularly liked that.

Your issues are better and better, and my wife and I read every word. We appreciate the trouble and expense you go to in getting *Southern Partisan* to us 12,000 miles away. Along with letters from home and palmetto trees, magnolias and azaleas on the lovely campus here, your magazine helps keep us close to the South in spirit.

James Rembert
Professor of English, The Citadel
Fulbright Lecturer
Gangzhou University
People's Republic of China

★ CORRECTIONS

Gentlemen:

As a regular subscriber, I have long admired the critiques, political commentaries and educational history lessons your magazine provides. As a local and Louisiana history buff, I was glad to see my hometown of Plaquemine mentioned in Elizabeth S. Trindal's article, "Emancipating the Truth About History" (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1995).

There were some incorrect facts, however, no doubt due to the fact that Ms. Trindal's source was New York's *Christian Examiner*, a Yankee publication. First, Louisiana land at that time was measured in French arpents, not acres. Each arpent equaled about 0.85 of an acre. Second, the property referred to is located in the town of Plaquemine, seat of Iberville Parish, about fifteen miles south of Baton Rouge on the west side of the Mississippi River. There is a Plaquemine Parish, but it is located at the mouth of the river, at the southernmost extremity of the state.

Finally, the free man of color who purchased this property was named Pierre Cyprien Ricard, not Cyprian Picaud as reported. Again, this error could have been due to Yankee translation of the South Louisiana French patois spoken by these free people of color who were descended from Pierre Belly, a French colonial who came to Louisiana in 1776, and his wife Marie Rose, of the Nago Nation in Jamaica. Pierre and Marie Rose had six daughters and ran a prosperous plantation despite being ostracized by both whites and blacks. Their daughters married well, pairing with prominent light-skinned blacks from the New Orleans area. Pierre Cyprien Ricard married his first cousin Marie Rose Honore, and it is he who purchased the Harrison property.

There is an elaborate Ricard family tomb, built in 1860, located in St. Raphael's Cemetery at Point Pleasant in Iberville Parish. St. Raphael's is the resting place of many prominent people, including

Paul Octave Hebert (1818-1880), governor of Louisiana 1852-1856, graduate of West Point, veteran of the Mexican War 1846-1848, and brigadier general in the Confederate Army 1861-1865. It is interesting to note that the Ricard family tomb, by far the most massive and ornate, is situated in the far extreme perimeter of the graveyard. Free people of color, particularly those of considerable wealth, were not welcome in the black community, living or dead. But public Southern cemeteries were strictly segregated. In Louisiana, this usually meant Catholics in the center near the Cross of Jesus, and Protestants on the perimeter. Blacks and Jews maintained their own burial grounds. For better or worse, I am not sure, but this practice seems to be intact even today.

Audrey G. DeVillier
Addis, Louisiana

Gentlemen:

Once again I must take pen in hand (albeit an e-mail pen) to battle the calumny being heaped on little Delaware (most likely unintentionally) by freelance writer Elizabeth Trindal (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1995). First, the historical fact: It is not "strange" that Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation did not free the slaves in Maryland and Delaware. Even Lincoln, who is not fondly remembered in these parts for his dedication to constitutional rights, was fully aware he didn't have the power to order a sovereign state to free its bondsmen.

But what sticks in my craw is the reference to "the northern states of Maryland and Delaware." What of "Maryland, My Maryland?" What of the Federal troops who seized the State House in my hometown of Dover with orders to "disarm all the Rebels?" What of Delaware Sen. William Hitch, imprisoned in Fort Delaware for his pro-Southern views? What of the scores of other Delawareans imprisoned in Fort Delaware for

similar "offenses?" And what of the voters of Delaware, who in 1862 and again in 1864 had to brave the fixed bayonets of Yankee troops to go to the polls, and who were strongly urged to go home if they planned to vote against the party of Lincoln? (And tiny Delaware, bless its heart, still denied Lincoln its electoral votes in both 1860 and 1864)!

While some may contend Delaware is not a Southern state, others will contend it's not a Northern one. Brother fought brother over just such a question, and the scars from that conflict affected our politics even into my lifetime. We don't need folks, however well-intentioned they may be, to go picking at that scab again. Next time, just call us a Border State.

James L. Miller
Dover, Delaware
via America On Line

★ THE REAL CHRIST

Gentlemen:

As usual, the latest *Southern Partisan* (First Quarter, 1995) is a masterpiece of political incorrectness, and I thank y'all for it. The Trivium column by Mr. Landess was an eye-opening one. Our so-called Christian leaders would do well to take a lesson in Scriptural compromise from Christ himself when He, with the help of a "scourge of small cords," compromised the moneychangers all the way out of the temple. I bet the moneychangers thought his actions were "extreme" and "insensitive." They were, however, effective. Keep up the good work.

Kenny Carmichael
Milan, Tennessee
via America On Line

★ A PILL NAMED CARTER

Gentlemen:

The First Quarter 1995 issue of *Southern Partisan* carried a short

article which detailed the recent South Carolina General Assembly vote to keep the Confederate Battle Flag atop the Statehouse dome. As a long-time subscriber of *Southern Partisan* and as one who has followed the South Carolina flag fight, I was disappointed that you did not give some credit for the General Assembly's stiffened resolve to Dr. William Carter and the South Carolina Council of Conservative Citizens (SCCCC). Under Dr. Carter's leadership, the SCCCC has conducted numerous pro-flag marches around the state, generated pro-flag letters to legislators and gathered petition signatures in support of keeping the flag on the dome.

Dr. Carter's folks have fought hard even as some prominent "pro-flag" legislators were quietly trying to work out a compromise with the same irrational forces that seek to culturally cleanse the South. Dr. Carter and the SCCCC embody the words of Tom Landess in that same issue of *Southern Partisan* when he wrote, "They know that when the barbarians are at the gate you don't lower your voice and invite them in for a hot meal. You grab your swords and pistols and pitchforks and shout 'bloody murder.'"

Bruce E. Knight
Fairfax, Virginia

Editor's Note: Like Southern Partisan, Saluda, SC Chiropractor William Carter supports the continued flying of the Confederate Battle Flag on the dome of the South Carolina Statehouse. But that is where the similarity with the editors of Southern Partisan ends.

★ POINT MADE

Gentlemen:

Thank you again for all the work of staff writers and yourself in publishing this outstanding magazine.

Reference is made to the "Two Victories" (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter 1995). It is certainly pleasing and gratifying to learn of

the Heritage Preservation Association's victory and that our flag waves in Danville. But where is the remainder of our strength and backbone? Isn't it an outrage to have to agree to remove the words "Deo Vindice" from the monument? Hasn't God always been our defender? Isn't "In God We Trust" on all U.S. coins? Shouldn't the *Southern Partisan*, of all beacons of light, at least comment and object to the continuing effort to deface our Southern culture?

Thank you again.

Samuel T. Rhodes
Alexandria, Virginia

Editor's Note: With this fine letter, we have.

★ REEL THEM IN

Gentlemen:

I read Tom Landess' piece concerning the "Malicious Meddling" by the EPA in that government agency's attempt to ban the use of lead sinkers (*Southern Partisan*, Fourth Quarter 1994). While I am more of a hunter than a fisherman, I can certainly sympathize with the anglers, as the EPA ban on lead shot for waterfowling has already been in effect for five years.

This ban on lead shot for ducks and geese has effectively ended my hunting as I refuse to ruin my magnificent old shotguns by shooting steel shot through them. Since this ban is in effect, can a ban on lead for upland shooting be far behind?

Was a fear of lead poisoning of waterfowl valid? The only comprehensive study of the problem that I am aware of was done by Dr. Frank Bellrose back in 1959. He established the parameters that for any significant ingestion of lead shot by waterfowl, the following three conditions must exist: (1) heavy hunting pressure, (2) over shallow water, (3) with a hard bottom. In other words, not just one or two of these, but all three must be present.

Now, there are probably many

hunting "hot spots" in several areas of the country that meet all these parameters, and a ban on lead shot in those specific bodies of water may be in order. But that wasn't good enough for the EPA: their lead shot ban for waterfowling now covers the whole country. For no good reason.

The EPA's statistics on the lead shot/sinker questions is certainly not the first time this rogue agency has "cooked" their numbers to "prove" their pre-conceived notions: the conclusion in their much-publicized study on "second hand" tobacco smoke was derived by changing the probability factor in the assembled data from a 95 percent probability to 90 percent, which in effect doubled their chance of error, thereby making the non-significant data appear to be "significant."

It's past time for Congress to "reel in" the EPA.

James M. McCoy
Big Lake, Texas

★ IN IOWA?

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is my subscription payment to a great magazine. I am a reenactor with the Second Battery Iowa Light Artillery. Last year we participated with the 17th Tennessee in a ceremony to mark the grave of a Graybeard near Iowa City. Our brothers from the 17th Tennessee told us they were not allowed to bring the Confederate Battle Flag into the Iowa City schools for their program. (Conservatives in Iowa refer to this city as the People's Republic of Iowa City). I wrote a letter of protest to the superintendent of schools, and, of course, she did not reply.

Iowa City's schools do not allow the word "Christmas" to be mentioned on campus. Christmas trees are banned in school. Recently, the University of Iowa hosted a Homosexual Conference on campus in which an HIV-infected, NEA-funded artist, Tim Miller, appeared nude on stage, aroused himself and asked the audience to

fondle him in Hatcher Auditorium, a state-owned facility. A heterosexual doing this would be arrested, but this was considered "art."

What has happened to this country?

Fred Kesten
Rockwell City, Iowa

★ NUMBER II RESPONDS

Gentlemen:

I am writing in response to your awarding of the Scalawag Award to the University of the South (*Southern Partisan*, Fourth Quarter, 1994). Your reasoning for the award fails to take into consideration that the controversy over the bumper sticker design is largely an issue of trademark trespass. We must all realize that the Confederate Battle Flag is a symbol which has often been misused and misrepresented in the past. Also, the university seeks to attract students not only from the several Southern dioceses of the Episcopal Church that own the school, but from all over. For this reason, I feel that the university is wise to protect its name and reputation in a situation where a private businessman, not associated with the university, uses the university's name (even its colloquial name, "Sewanee") in connection with an ambiguous symbol.

To label the university a scalawag for protecting its honor is unfair. I invite you to visit our beautiful campus on the Cumberland Plateau and would enjoy showing you the many visual monuments on campus to great Southern leaders. Specifically, we could see the Polk Carillon named in honor of Bishop Leonidas Polk, a general in the Confederate army, the Kirby-Smith Monument, and Elliot Point, named in honor of Stephen Elliot, the Bishop of the Confederacy—just to name a few.

Christopher M. Elwell
No. II, Kappa Alpha Order
University of the South
Sewanee, Tennessee

Editor's Note: In other words, if a symbol becomes "ambiguous" through no fault of the honorable people associated with it, it must be rejected to keep the books balanced. You've sold out for even fewer than 30 pieces of silver.

★ THE NEW SECESH

Gentlemen:

The Board of Directors of the Southern League and I wish to thank *Southern Partisan* for featuring our organization in Partisan Conversation (Fourth Quarter, 1994). As a result of the interview the League has so far received volumes of mail and phone calls and not a few new members from around the country. One gentleman's reaction characterized the nature of the general response. He called merely to ask, "To whom do I make out my check." We are heartened by the outpouring of support for the principles espoused by the Southern League, namely states' rights, constitutional government and self-determination (or secession).

We feel that *Southern Partisan*, with this interview, has accomplished its stated purpose of "renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together..." and it is now the Southern League's job to mobilize and activate this group. Again, we appreciate your excellent coverage and welcome the opportunity to work together for our common cause: Southern independence.

Michael Hill
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

★ BRAGGING ON DAVIS

Gentlemen:

Alphonse Vinh's review of Andrew Lytle's Bedford Forrest (*Southern Partisan*, Fourth Quarter, 1994) catches all the Southern liveliness of the author and his subject. It seems a little

strange, however, to see the book treated as if new. There is no indication that it was first printed in 1931. This fact is pertinent to one of its major themes, for a great deal of historical research has gone on since 1931.

The blatant error believed almost everywhere is stated right here in the review: Bragg's "personal friendship with Jefferson Davis." This friendship has no existence in fact. Sherman (a good friend of Bragg before the war) says "Bragg hated Davis bitterly" for refusing requests when Secretary of War concerning Bragg's artillery unit. Bragg resigned from the U.S. Army over this, saying Davis had driven him out. At secession, he thought Davis treated him shabbily, and Mrs. Bragg said to Sherman, "You know my husband is not a favorite with the new president." When Bragg's generals first wanted him removed, Davis tried to give J. E. Johnston his command, early in 1863, but Johnston would not take it. Davis valued Bragg as a trained soldier and a patriot, but even in early 1865, Bragg had to be reassured by someone else that Davis was friendly to him. In March, Bragg told Davis unpleasant truths; in April, Davis noted they had both lost everything for the Cause. That was the extent of their closeness. When he last saw Bragg, Davis reproved him for furloughing troops he wanted to take to the Trans-Mississippi. After the War, their contact was slight and impersonal.

Felicity Allen
Auburn, Alabama

★ UNGENTLEMANLY?

Gentlemen:

I am pleased to learn that *Southern Partisan* is on line. I haven't finished reading it yet but want to say that I agree 100 percent with the obit for Murray Rothbard (*Southern Partisan*, Fourth Quarter 1994). I also subscribe to *National Review* and was chagrined at the late Murray Rothbard's treatment by William

F. Buckley—very ungentlemanly. I am glad *Southern Partisan* responded. It falls to the living to keep dogs from defiling the graves of friends.

Mike Hauversburk
Panama City, Florida
via CompuServe

★ NOT REEDERS

Gentlemen:

Please no more of John Shelton Reed! Unless you feature him in your Scalawag Award section.

I agree with Mr. McCain from Oxford: "John Shelton Reed is a know-nothing twinkie."

A few years back I read an article in *Chronicles* written by Mr. Reed after he had made an extensive tour of Mississippi. Of all our rich and proud history he could have written about, his focal point of the entire article was...Alex Haley.

Southern Partisan is tops. Keep up the good work.

Gaines B. Smith
Batesville, Mississippi

Gentlemen:

Reading the interview with John Shelton Reed (*Southern Partisan*, Third Quarter 1994) gave me a horse laugh. He can't understand why there is no Southern nationalism based on his politically correct multiracism and multiculturalism.

The scary thing is, I believe he truly doesn't understand. A political correctness freak wouldn't.

Robert W. Whitaker
Columbia, South Carolina

★ THEN WHAT, INDEED.

Gentlemen:

I thought you might like to know about the latest shenanigans here in Jacksonville, Florida. Those people are now

wanting to change the name of Nathan B. Forrest High School because it offends them.

I didn't attend Forrest High School myself, but my school often competed with them in sports. I clearly remember the band playing "Dixie" and the numerous battle flags waving. It is a pleasant memory even if they always seemed to win! Needless to say, "Dixie" is no longer heard and the battle flags have disappeared around old Forrest.

There are seven schools in Jacksonville named for the heroes of the War for Southern Independence. If the NAACP is successful in changing the name of Forrest, what school will be next? Will it be Jefferson Davis Middle School, or will it be Joseph Finegan Elementary, or perhaps Stonewall Jackson Elementary, maybe E. Kirby Smith Middle, or maybe J.E.B. Stuart Middle School? They might even attack good old Robert E. Lee High, the school my mother graduated from. When they run out of schools, then what?

Charles M. Burke
Jacksonville, Florida

★ PARTISAN PAINE

Gentlemen:

Southern Partisan is an oasis of wit, satire, history, Southern-Confederate heritage and "our side of the story" in an arid desert of liberal misinformation and outright lies about our homeland. If we must live under enemy occupation, *Southern Partisan* at least helps us endure this odious state of affairs with a sense of humor and oneness with our fellow Southerners.

Thank you for all of your morale building for the troops on the front lines in the war against political correctness and revisionism. Please keep up the excellent work and best wishes to all of you modern Thomas Paines at *Southern Partisan*. Indeed, "these are the times that try men's souls." Thank you for

being much more than a "summer soldiers and a sunshine patriot."

Gene Andrews
Tennessee Division Commander,
SCV
Nashville, Tennessee
via America On Line

★ A CONVERT

Gentlemen:

Greetings from a Yankee from Pennsylvania and a Catholic Priest!

I'm a staunch supporter of the Confederate battle flag. Critics say that this is a symbol of racism, etc. I say that it is a symbol of all that was good and is good of the South: bravery, dedication, loyalty, Christian moral values and all that is wholesome and good for society to follow and value especially in this day and age.

I have been criticized as a priest for taking this attitude, however, it seems that those people who cry intolerance and bigotry are the ones who refuse to consider the issue in all truthfulness.

The more I study and learn about the Southern cause, culture and religious, moral and social beliefs, the more I have come to admire these attitudes and areas. Occasionally, I sense a subtle bias in historical battle accounts in regard to the South. The victor writes the history.

My hope and prayer is that you always remain "unreconstructed Southerners." May God bless your dedication, ideals and sacrifices.

Father Peter M. Donish
Beaver Meadows, Pennsylvania



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When the Baptists Freed Their Slaves

By Wesley Pruden

We didn't know the Baptists still owned slaves. Still, they have apologized for slavery. One of the most articulate comments on this subject came from the editor of The Washington Times. Therefore I yield this space to reproduce (with permission) his column. Mr. Pruden is a Southern Baptist. He has never owned a slave.

—Richard Quinn

Preachers easily make fools of themselves when they venture into politics.

There's good reason why if a man is authentically called to the noblest task of all, to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, he's poaching on God's time if he descends into the political arena. If he only pretends to have heard the call to preach, to hide behind the cloth, he's doubly foolish for being a fraud.

Nevertheless, when the Southern Baptists got together last month in Atlanta in convention assembled, some of the preachers decided to try their hand at this stuff they've heard so much about, called "political correctness," and indulge in the fad of revising history by judging an earlier generation by the standards, if we may call them that, of our own shoddy era.

They voted to free their slaves, resolving that slavery was bad and that, though no one looked old enough to have owned a slave, Baptists ought to be ashamed of themselves. (John Newton, a blinded and repentant slave merchant, said it far more eloquently with his mighty hymn, "Amazing Grace.")

Such resolutions are not binding on anybody. Nobody, least of all the preacher, can tell a Baptist what to believe or what to apologize for. But now a Southern

Baptist who keeps a slave, even a love slave, can expect frowns from his preacher.

One pastor from suburban Virginia, perhaps typical, understands that the resolution is moonshine, that it condescends to blacks and panders to neurotics and history illiterates, but he likes it, anyway. "If you want to split theological hairs, some Baptists might say you can't have corporate repentance for other people's sins, but I'm for it, anyway. I'm all for Southern Baptists standing up and saying this."

A flack for the convention, Herb Hollinger, thinks it was a nifty way to get a little ink for the convention's birthday bash. Since Baptists as a rule do not drink (in front of one another), gimmicks like this must be employed to enliven the party.

The convention is nearly all white—only 1,800 of its 31,000 churches are predominantly black—and one of the few black preachers in the convention leadership, the Rev. Gary L. Frost of Youngstown, Ohio, accepted the apology on behalf of his black brothers. He detects the whiff of scam.

"We pray that the genuineness of your apology will be reflected in your attitude and your actions," he said. The Rev. Clifford Jones, president of a convention of black churches in North Carolina, is skeptical, too: "I think it's an admirable resolution, and I would hope that it would not merely be a resolution that is on paper."

The Southern Baptist Convention has for decades been the fastest-growing of all religious groups in the United States, con-

centrating on evangelism and personal witnessing for Christ. But explosive growth has subsided in recent years, and there's concern about how to retrieve the momentum. Bureaucrats everywhere, in government and out, are always on the scout for more turf.

The euphemism for this is "opening the door wider to evangelizing among blacks and other ethnic groups." Some black churchmen, however, call it "sheep stealing" and say that the convention bureaucrats only want to absorb black Baptist churches to make themselves feel bigger and hence more important.

Nobody knows how many Baptists owned slaves. In 1861, fewer than 10 percent of all white Southerners owned them, and most of these were the planters who needed many hundreds of field hands to pick their cotton and harvest their rice. Most, in fact, were Episcopalians, like the Founding Fathers (some of whom also owned slaves). Baptists were usually too poor to own enough bottom land to support slave farming.

But the beauty of political correctness is that it's rarely connected to reality and common sense, so its vendors don't have to justify their cockamamie nostrums. And like most outbursts of political correctness, this feel-good exercise, unlike actual repentance, exacts no costs.

Nobody said anything about reparations for the descendants of the slaves. No one should expect a single Southern Baptist congregation to exchange property with a black Baptist church, which, though bizarre, would show good faith. But who's talking about faith? ☆

BACK

SOUTH CAROLINA...



**FIRST TO SECEDE
LAST TO FLY THE FLAG**



**South
Carolina...**

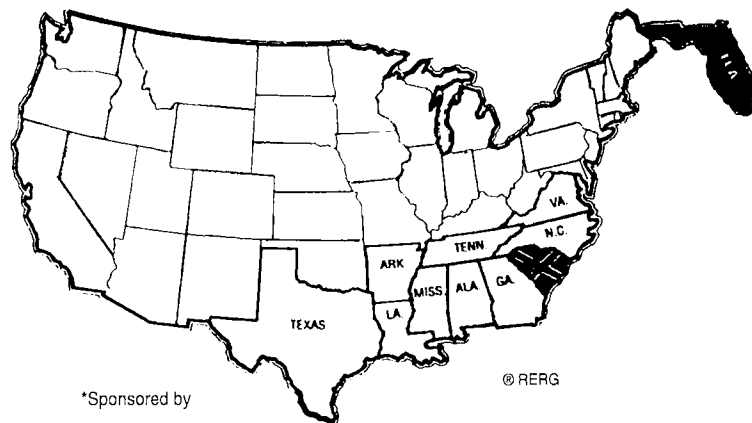


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John Brown's Militia

Harpers Ferry is now a federal possession, so the government won't let you drive into the old town anymore. You have to leave your car in the National Park and catch one of the several buses that run every 5-10 minutes, winding down the mountain road through leafy branches into what Uncle Sam wants you to believe is The Past.

You stop in a building staffed by U.S. Park Rangers, its rooms containing exhibits designed to give school children and adults an initial sense of what happened here in 1859. If you wish, you can listen to lectures from the genial rangers and see murals and plaques containing quotes of famous abolitionists, commending Brown's concern for freedom and deploring the evils of slavery.

A left turn at the next corner sends you up High Street, a steep commercial strip with tourist traps disguised as 19th century businesses. You also see that the political correctness of Washington has reached down into West Virginia and touched both sides of the street. You spot a "Native American" crafts shop, a "wetlands" exhibit, an establishment devoted to "Black Voices," and the John Brown Wax Museum.

There, for \$2.50 you can go through a darkened house and encounter at each landing and corridor a vignette of John Brown's life—that is, after you absorbed several wax scenes depicting the horrors of slavery. One after another these mute, melodramatic effigies testify to the righteousness of Brown's cause. Only after you've brooded over them are you allowed to witness Brown's own violent acts

chronicled in statuary.

Perhaps the most interesting of the tableaux presents the first man killed during Brown's raid—a free black man. This figure never dies in the tableau. As you stand there watching, his chest continues to heave—second after second, minute after minute. It rises and falls until you tire of waiting to see him die and move on. Clearly those who designed the museum couldn't bear to compromise Brown's heroism by allowing this black man to lie still, the way the dead lie. So he lives on to this day at Harpers Ferry, defying historical accounts and the intervening years.

If by the time you reach the last tableau you still have doubts as to the meaning of these vignettes, you have but to punch the button and suddenly you're overwhelmed by "Glory, Glory Hallelujah" and the sight of John Brown, mounting the scaffold, raising his head in pride as the lights flare. The overvoice tells you that whatever you might say about Brown, he was motivated by "pure idealism." (It is, of course, the one thing that no human being can say of another—that his motives were pure).

As you leave the museum, you can't help but compare the past with the immediate present, the raid on Harpers Ferry with the destruction of the Murrah building in Oklahoma City. Indeed, there are a number of obvious similarities between the two events.

- Both the men who led these attacks apparently had nothing to gain materially from their actions.

- Both planned and executed an

act of extraordinary daring, one clearly designed to capture the imagination of an entire nation.

- Both made the U.S. government itself the object of their attack by directing their force against a federal building.

- Both apparently thought their cause was so righteous, so just, that they were willing, even eager, to shed blood and exact revenge for previous atrocities.

Those who run the show at Harpers Ferry—and they are the same folks who run the show in Washington—should take a hard look at the lesson they're giving the hoards of small children who come with their teachers everyday to view this secular shrine. Moppets are being taught by their own government that murder is justified if the cause is politically correct, that individual conscience is superior to law itself, that history will vindicate those who kill the innocent in a cause that ultimately prevails. All these lessons are not only taught at Harpers Ferry today—while an increasingly nervous president is shutting off Pennsylvania Avenue to automobile traffic—but the same lesson is also taught in the accounts of John Brown's raid found in most textbooks. As incredible as it may seem, the gun-crazed leader of an "irregular militia" is one of the heroes of left-wing ideologues, and these ideologues continue to glorify his savagery at Harpers Ferry in a memorial supported by tax dollars. So how can they possibly criticize the current crop of John Browns who say that the land can only be cleansed by blood, that the sins of government must be avenged? ☆



SAMPLER

—Compiled by William F. Freehoff

ON ROBERT E. LEE

“From deep conviction I simply say this: A nation of men of Lee’s calibre would be unconquerable in spirit and soul...”

—Dwight D. Eisenhower

ON THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

“We ordaine that the day of our ships’ arrival at the place assigned for plantation in the land of Virginia shall be yearly and perpetually kept holy as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God.”



Anguished English

by Richard Lederer

A collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boo boos

SPOONERISMS

Rev. William Archibald Spooner (1844-1930), once warden of New College, Oxford is said to have set out to become a birdwatcher but ended up a word-botcher. The first of Spooner’s spoonerisms was spoken by the great man in 1879, when he was conducting a service and announced a hymn as “Kinkering Kongs Their Titles Take.” Other switches attributed to Spooner, most of them spuriously, include:

- Three cheers for our queer old dean! (referring to Queen Victoria)
- Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?
- The Lord is a shoving leopard.
- A blushing crow.
- Is the bean dizzy?
- Someone is occupewing my pie. Please sew me to another sheet.

There are two basic ways that spoonerisms are created. The most common method is to transpose parts of words:

—Instructions to Virginia settlers for the first Thanksgiving, 1619

ON POWER

“But the history of the world has been written in vain if it does not teach us that unrestrained authority can never be safely trusted in human hands.”

—President Andrew Johnson in vetoing one of the Reconstruction Congress’ “Force Acts”

ON THE WAR

“To the charge of the North that secession was rebellion and treason, the South replied that the epithets of rebel and traitor did not deter her from the assertion of her independence, since these same epithets had been familiar to the ears of Washington and Hancock and Adams and Light Horse Harry Lee.”

—John Brown Gordon

ON EDUCATION

“The adjustment which the progressive educators prate of, is, just because of its lack of any spiritual idea, nothing more than the adjustment of a worm to the surface it is crawling on.”

—Richard Weaver

- The suntan product Tanfastic.
- Psychologist: a person who pulls habits out of rats.
- Trashy paperbacks come from the trite side of the racks.
- A good masseur leaves no stern untuned.
- A man who hated seabirds left no tern unstoned.
- Combined charity drives put all begs in one ask-it.
- When a Japanese car factory blew up, it began raining Datsun cogs.
- One blackbird to another: Bred any good rooks lately?
- Sign on a bar: Our customers enter optimistically and leave misty optically.
- I’d rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy.

A second popular method of spoonerizing is to transpose whole words:

- Time wounds all heels.—Groucho Marx
- Television: A set of tireless tubes.
- Hangover: The wrath of grapes.
- Olympic officials: The souls that time men’s tries.
- Alimony: The bounty of mutiny.
- It’s not men in your life that count—it’s the life in your men.—Mae West
- One frog to another: Time’s fun when you’re having flies.
- Ecologists believe that a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.
- Slogan for a feminist work stoppage: Don’t iron while the strike is hot.
- The Oakland football stadium is the Ark of the Lost Raiders.

Anguished English and Get Thee to a Punnery, from which these are taken, are published in the South by Wyrick and Company, 1-A Pinckney Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29401.

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES *Washington Report*

Welfare Reform, R.I.P.?

by Gordon Jackson

One might have supposed that if any widely desired legislative effort had a chance to be accomplished during Clinton's first term it would be welfare reform. The president got on record early in his election campaign as supporting it, and Republicans, who now control both houses of Congress, have long espoused it. Polls indicate the general electorate to be hugely supportive of substantial changes in the system. But it seems likely now that nothing will be done on welfare before the election.

It is probably a good thing that welfare reform isn't going anywhere soon, though it is clearly among the most needed of policy changes. The issue, however, has not yet been adequately addressed in Congress. I confess here to be thoroughgoing Gilderian on this subject. For those of you who have not yet had the pleasure of encountering George Gilder's work, he is the scourge of the feminists, the lyric poet of supply side economics, the prophet of the microchip, and the most insightful analyst of the problems of the American underclass. He began acquiring his credentials for the latter area of expertise by living for a year in an inner-city ghetto and subsequently producing the book *Visible Man*. He weighs in from time to time on welfare reform, most recently in *The American Spectator*.

Gilder finds a common flaw in all current proposals before the Hill and various statehouses—they all assume that government can discern the deserving poor from the undeserving poor and make the latter put forth some effort in order to get their welfare benefits.

These workfare programs entrust government with the responsibility of identifying the welfare queens—women who preside over households supported by welfare benefits that can range up to a thousand dollars a month—and putting them into workfare programs to earn the benefits.

Now, it may be satisfying to see the welfare queens toppled from their sofa thrones, but what will this accomplish other than to create new layers of governmental authority to care for the children while the mothers are working and to train for employment women who are essentially unemployable? Workfare would expand government, and not even begin to get at the underlying problem, which is that men have been cuckolded and rendered unnecessary by the welfare state. If the welfare queens can bring home more than the men can earn, whether they do it by sitting at home on their duffs or by going to a government funded sinecure while the nanny state takes care of their children, where is the role for fathers in such a society? What do men do when their families don't need them?

Gilder correctly identifies the problem—fathers cuckolded by the state and a culture that encourages promiscuity, in no small part because it rewards the bearing of children with welfare benefits. In the *Spectator* article he makes no specific recommendations. I have a modest proposal that I think addresses his concerns—bring back a modified version of the poor house.

Assuming, as the political reality of the day dictates we must, that the federal government is going to be the guarantor of a certain safety net for all citizens, the question then becomes what that safety net minimally should be. I

would argue that government should ensure that no one starve to death and no one be made to sleep out on the streets for extended periods of time. For what would surely be a fraction of the cost of benefits currently paid out, poor houses accessible to all could be established throughout the land, whether the property be government-owned or supplemented by government payments. These poor houses would provide one meal a day for anyone who wanted it and a roof under which to spend the night. All other welfare benefits would be cut off once the poor houses were operational. If the welfare queens want to feed themselves and their children, and they won't find a job or a man who will support them, then they can take it on down to the poor house each day. No distinction need be made between deserving and undeserving, but the poor house is the only welfare option available.

A tired old liberal shibboleth still prospering in Hill debates about welfare is that the poor must be allowed to preserve their dignity. Dole, no doubt, lives in mortal fear of being seen as the one who would usurp the dignity of the poor. But dignity is the last thing in evidence in the welfare culture. Being on the dole (see a pun here if you must, I will not object) should be a less than dignified state of existence. The stigma of having to go to a poor house will help welfare recipients understand that they have forsaken their dignity by allowing the government to support them. And it will make ghetto fathers, with their modest income-earning abilities, all the more attractive.

Let's force Congress to have some guts on this issue. Welfare, in it's current form, has ruined millions of lives. ☆

obiter dicta.



There You Go Again

Recently the *New Yorker* magazine—which is now densely, dully PC—asked William Bennett if he thought Pat Buchanan was still flirting with fascism, a charge Bennett leveled against Buchanan during the 1992 campaign. Bennett's reply: "He's flirting with it...This 'Fortress America' stuff, this 'you the people' stuff—I think it's tricky."

"I think it's tricky."

Now there's a shrewd and precise observation for you. It may indeed be tricky, but is it *fascism*? It's difficult to tell if Bennett knows what the word fascism means. Buchanan is in favor of reducing government, decentralizing its functions, getting it out of the lives of the American people and American business. He is also a free-market man and deplores the rise of political correctness and the censorship it has spawned. Our dictionary defines "fascism" as follows: "Any program for setting up a centralized autocratic national regime with severely nationalistic policies, exercising regimentation of industry, commerce, and finance, rigid censorship, and forcible suppression of opposition."

Clearly Buchanan doesn't fit that definition—or indeed any other definition we've run across. Of course, we're using a dog-eared *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, one based on the Second Edition of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, the last non-politicized version the Merriam folks put out. Maybe Bennett is using a different dictionary, one in which "fascism" is defined as follows: "1. Anyone who holds political attitudes different from one's own. 2. Anyone who might be regarded as a strong rival for the affection of conservative Republicans. 3. Anyone who thinks Irving Kristol is only right about a third of the time. 4. In the broadest sense, anyone who could be regarded as threatening—i.e. 'an old meany.'"

Despite Bennett's carefully nurtured reputation as a Republican intellectual, he is not the brightest kid on the playground. His earlier writings—including his brief and shallow Ph.D. dissertation—are the ploddings of a very mediocre mind. So it's possible his attacks on Buchanan are motivated less by envy than by a failure to understand the word he's

attempting to use.

Bay Buchanan, Pat's sister, is somewhat less charitable than we are. "Mr. Bennett should stop writing about virtue," she says, "and start practicing it."

The South Shall Rise Again? Folks, It's Risen!

The Southern Heritage Society of Monroe, Louisiana held its annual conference on May 26-27—and once again the crowd was larger and more defiant. This year's speakers included Douglas Wilson, Otto Scott, and Steve Wilkins—not one of whom said it was a good thing the North won the War. As always, this annual gathering was distinguished by Southern country cooking, Southern music, and Southern hospitality, and the two-day celebration ended with a Confederate Heritage Ball on Saturday night. Each year it's increasingly difficult to persuade everybody to go home. Folks want to hang around Monroe and keep the party going.

This year, more than 300 people attended, some traveling from as far away as California. In fact, the conference is beginning to take on the trappings of a major convention, with an area set off for display booths and growing media coverage.

For further information, write The Southern Heritage Society, 224 Auburn Avenue, Monroe, Louisiana 71201. If you want to send these good folks a contribution, donations are now deductible.

A Page from Abraham Lincoln

Question: "Why is Bob Dole's denunciation of Hollywood like Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation?" Answer: "Because both men talked about righting wrongs in areas over which they had no jurisdiction—while ignoring the very same wrongs within their own bailiwick."

Lincoln's Proclamation freed only the slaves in the Confederacy—and even excluded slaves in isolated areas of the South then under Union control. The Great Emancipator emancipated no slaves in the five

Union states where the institution was legal.

Likewise, Bob Dole has denounced obscenity and immorality in Hollywood films and done absolutely nothing to stop government funding of similar materials through the National Endowment for the Arts and the Public Broadcasting System.

It's the same old strategy that moderate Republicans have always used on social conservatives: "Let them eat rhetoric!" And as long as it works, why change it? Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition seems so happy with Dole he's about ready to eat him with a spoon, despite the fact that the Majority Leader has been a behind-the-scenes opponent of pro-family initiatives all the way back

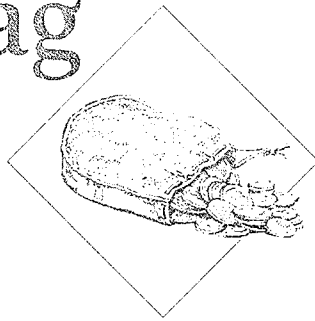
to the McKinley administration. Indeed, Dole's chief of staff, Sheila Burke, is regarded by Washington insiders as a chief Republican ally of NOW and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force.

At this point three things seem obvious:

1. Senator Dole believes he can fool some of the conservatives all of the time.
2. He can fool Ralph Reed all of the time.
3. Therefore, Senator Dole is right—and as great a guy as Abraham Lincoln.

P.S. As we go to press, President Clinton has also denounced the entertainment industry, while praising the Public Broadcasting System. Ralph Reed must be terribly confused.

Scalawag Award



To the KKK

In the same year the United States entered World War II, two books about the South appeared, *The Mind of the South* by W. J. Cash, and *Lanterns on the Levee: Recollections of a Planter's Son* by William Alexander Percy. Each book enjoyed great popularity, (which must have pleased Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher of both), and each makes a unique statement about Southern culture. But where Cash's volume is a critique of the South by a native, Percy's is a loving memoir by a loyal son.

At *Southern Partisan* we read and re-read *Lanterns*, possibly because we find a kinship there; probably because in our wildest dreams we like to think that *Southern Partisan* is a contemporary, quarterly review of *Lanterns on the Levee*. Percy defends the conservative "Southern point of view...which is deplored to the point of tears by the so-called liberals" and reminds his fellows that "[t]here's an enduring quality to truth exceedingly irritating to fidgety minds."

We like to think that we have labored in the same vineyard as Percy, finding that "[i]n the South our anxiety is not to find new ideas, but to bring to realization old ones which have been tested and proved by years of anguish—a far more difficult undertaking."

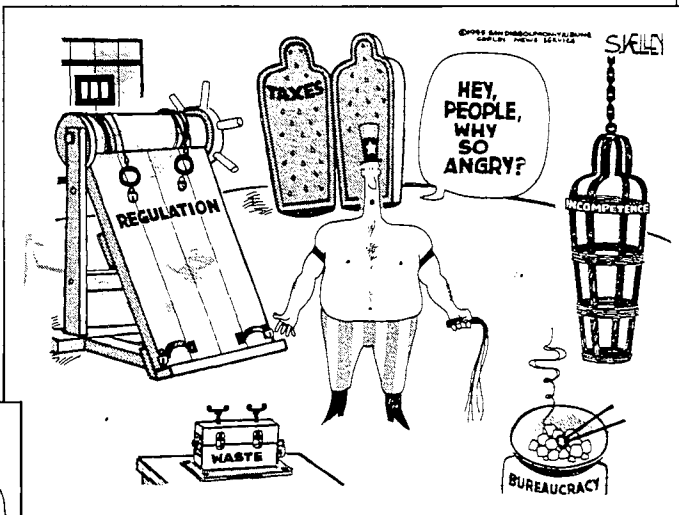
Percy found in 1941 that the realization of old ideas can be difficult, particularly when these ideas become perverted by modern mean-spirited men. *The Partisan* faces the same reality in the 1990s, which brings us to our Scalawag Award for this quarter.

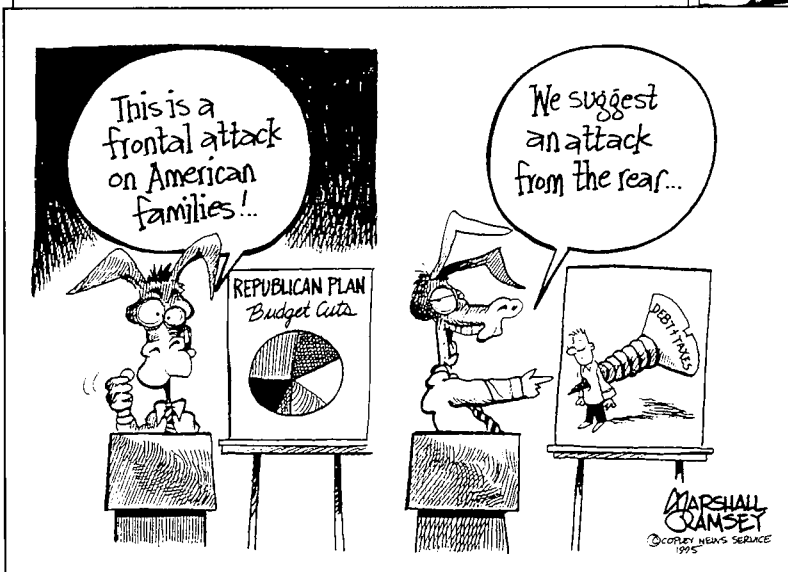
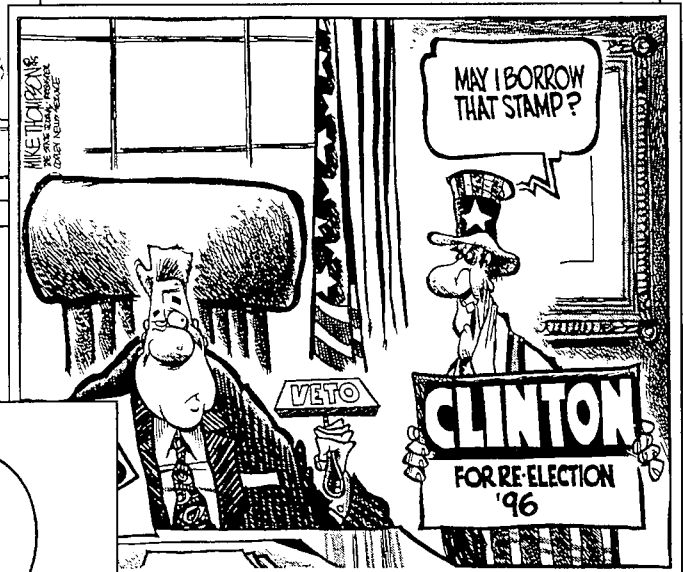
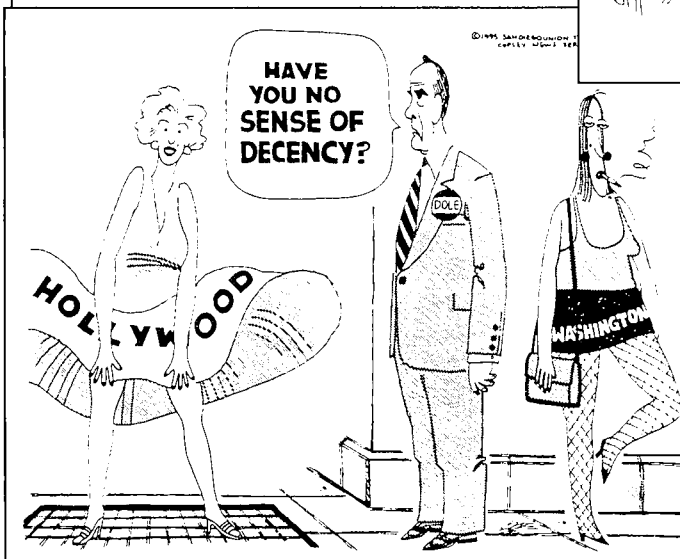
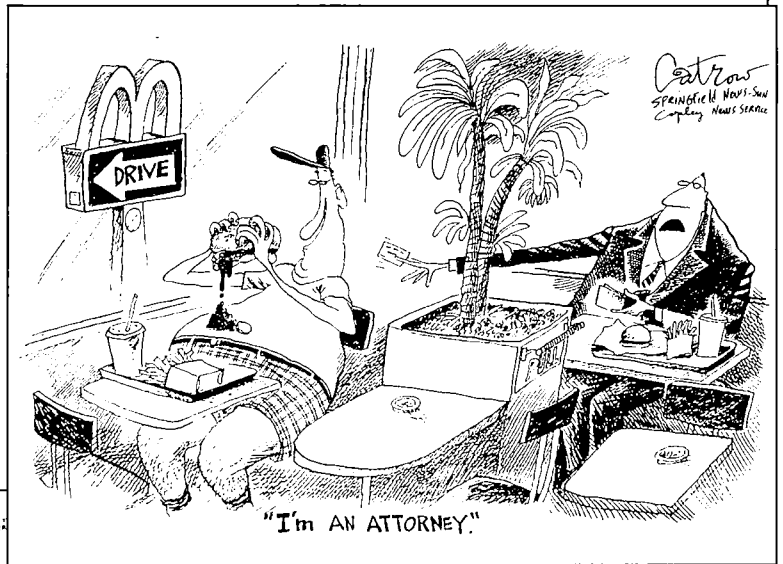
Percy wrote of the rise of an organization calling itself the Ku Klux Klan. Remembering old times, Percy acknowledges that there was a Klan that "during reconstruction...played so desperate but on the whole so helpful a part in keeping the peace and preventing mob violence." But the new Klan, he said, was a "monstrosity...not even a bastard of the old organization which General Forrest had headed and disbanded, a...scheme without ideals or ideas."

Percy's initial boredom and amusement with the Klan turned to disgust. In the hands of mean men the Kluxers begin to bring dishonor on his state and his kin. The situation is little different today. New battles for the honor of the Confederate Battle Flag take place every day in the modern South, each of which begins with the worn out argument "But the Klan carries the flag, therefore..."

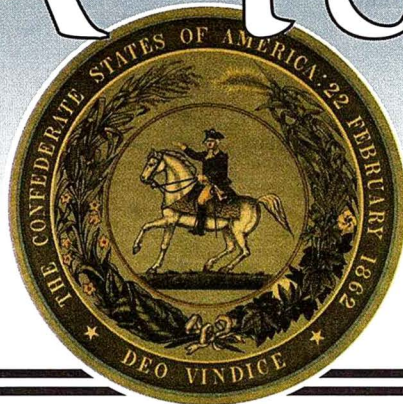
For their hatred and ignorance, for their shameless mockery of the Confederate cause, for misappropriation of sacred Southern symbols, for the time and treasure lost to us while on the defensive, the Scalawag Award for this quarter goes to the modern Ku Klux Klan. Few in number they may be. But they give the media all the fodder needed to damage our cause. General Forrest knew what he was talking about. The Klan should go away, now and forever.

PARTISAN *toons*





CSA today



Alabama

"It shows how Alabama is going back to slavery," said Larry Cinton, currently serving 15 years in the penitentiary.

"Keep them hands out of them pockets and pick up those chains," the guard shouted.

The chain gang is back in Alabama, and of course the American Civil Liberties Union looks like an ant bed that somebody stepped in, with everybody running around bumping into everybody else, shouting "Sue! Sue!"

It seems the prisoners at Limestone Correctional Facility don't like to serve on the chain gang. They claim that, in addition to being uncomfortable, the chains are "demeaning." After all, they are forced to wear uniforms and billed caps and to clear brush along the highway, where they will be in full view of passing motorists, a humiliation that is hard for such sensitive souls to bear. (Those assigned to the chain gang are only serving their second prison sentence).

But there's another side to this story—a humane side. Consider the following points:

- First, there are no heavy metal balls attached to the chains, as in earlier times. In addition, the chains themselves—as Donald Claxton of the governor's office has pointed out—are "lighter and more modern" than the old-fashioned kind. As a matter of fact, in the AP photographs, they don't look much larger than the gold chains some of these folks were wearing around their necks when they got caught.

- Second, the uniforms are no longer striped, like the picture on the Monopoly card; so they're far less demeaning.

- And third, this move could solve the overcrowding problem in prisons. Since the chain gangs work twelve hours at a stretch, you could run a night shift and use the same cell for two prisoners instead of one.

Now that ain't going back to slavery; that's progress! ☆



Arkansas

Justin Tyler Carroll, an eighth grader from Wynne, won the 68th Annual Spelling Bee by spelling "xanthosis" correctly. He was tutored by his mother, a first grade teacher, who admitted, "No doubt, he's better than I am."

A good blow for Arkansas, which has been getting bad publicity since, well, January of 1993. ☆



Florida

In the wake of the recent *Time* cover calling

Ralph Reed “the Right Hand of God,” you’d think the Christian Coalition was the only group in the country that thought it knew the mind of God. *Time* didn’t mention Richard Grayson of Gainesville, whose congressional campaign committee last year was called “God Hates Republicans.” By the way, Grayson’s opponent, Republican Michael Bilirakis, beat the hell out of him. ☆



Georgia

If you think you missed massive TV coverage of Jesse Jackson’s March through Georgia, you’re wrong. There wasn’t much coverage because there wasn’t much of a march.

Jackson, his mouth as big as ever, was promising a 1960s style spectacle: “We’ve got to teach people, if not for the first time then again, what marching does.”

Well, not much, Jesse. The three-day march, which was supposed to begin at Newt Gingrich’s office in Marietta and end at Martin Luther King’s tomb in Atlanta (“From Newt’s nightmare to Dr. King’s dream”), dwindled to under a hundred on the last two days.

As the rag-tail group straggled into Atlanta, one observer was heard to say, “Jesse’s looking less like King and more like the Kingfish everyday.” ☆



Kentucky

Gene Brown of Louisville called to set us straight concerning our speculations about the 1996 presidential election.

“Neither Clinton nor Dole nor Gramm nor anybody else is going to win,” he said, “because something strange and unforeseen is going to happen that will cause the United States to call off the elections.”

“Like what?,” we asked.

“I’m not sure,” he said. “It may be a natural disaster. It may be invaders from another planet. And it may be something political. That hasn’t been revealed to me yet.”

“When do you think it will be?,” we asked.

“Maybe never,” he said. “When my Uncle Pearl died it was only revealed that he was going to have

a pretty bad week. I didn’t know he was going to get rolled on by a tractor. But I’ll probably get another message before 1996.”

“Be sure and call us if you do,” we said.

He promised that he would. ☆



Louisiana

LSU Law Center graduates heard some tough talk from their commencement speaker, who knows whereof he speaks: “As I look out at you, I wish, as I have so often wished for my own son, that I could guarantee to a moral certainty that each of you will be successful and happy. But I can’t.”

Then a message of encouragement: “Never quit, ever.”

The speaker: Justice Clarence Thomas, who made a rare public appearance at this Deep South institution. Thomas watchers say this trip to Baton Rouge marks the beginning of a new outlook for the much-maligned justice, one that will bring him increasingly before the public after a long period of silence.

“The message he delivered at LSU was as much for himself as those students,” said one court reporter. ☆



Maryland

If you don’t think the country’s in a fine mess, then how about this item?

About 150 Maryland law enforcement officers spent a fine April day receiving sensitivity training on—witchcraft and other related beliefs (Santeria, Palo Mayombe, Satanism, Paganism).

If you don’t understand why this training was necessary, then you don’t understand the appalling ignorance and bigotry of the Maryland police.

In the first place, they were instructed that if they arrest a member of a witch cult during a ceremony, they might expect to see the leader of the cult use a sword to cut an invisible exit from the circle in which the ceremony is taking place. (You can imagine the frequency with which such arrests take place)!

In the second place, attending police officers undoubtedly harbored deep-seated prejudices against witches before they underwent the training. Afterwards, it was quite clear that they were infi-

nately more...sensitive. As one reborn cop put it: "[I'd] be more relaxed having a conversation with a witch. Just because they are a witch doesn't mean they're a bad person or doing something bad."

A recent announcement in the *Washington Post* offers yet another glimpse of cultural diversity in Maryland:

The Liberated Wailing Wall, a Jews for Jesus Singing Group, will present a program of music and testimony at 7 tonight at the Chinese Bible Church, 4414 Muncaster Mill Rd., Rockville. ☆



Mississippi

According to our Washington friends, Sen. Trent Lott is quietly hoping Bob Dole will be the Republican nominee in 1996 and go on to win the general election. At that point, Lott—now Republican Whip—would become Majority Leader of the Senate and exercise more control over his colleagues than the weak and muddy-minded Dole. Some conservatives argue that with the Great Compromiser in the White House and Lott and Gingrich running Congress, both the presidency and the Congress would lurch perceptibly to the right. And that scenario sounds dandy, provided you're one of those who believe that Lott and Gingrich are conservatives.

But Lott has his detractors in conservative Republican ranks. As one Mississippi Party leader told us, "Trent's a Washington sissy. He ought to spend less time at Ole Miss homecoming games and more time talking to the folks who sit around county squares and talk about what's wrong with the country. He ain't Teddy Kennedy yet. But he's got more of a Cape Cod accent than he did five years ago." ☆



Missouri

So far, Senator John Ashcroft has turned out to be a pleasant surprise in his freshman term. Regarded as a moderate governor and reviled by conservatives for the "Parents-as-Teachers" program in his state that sent social workers into homes to investigate the fitness of the home environment, Ashcroft has recently introduced a bill to give federal funds to religious groups to be used in

caring for the homeless and the needy. This bill is designed to reintroduce the idea of churches and other religious groups taking major responsibility for the funding and feeding of the poor—an idea that seems to have gone out of style in mainstream Christianity, which spends millions annually lobbying for the welfare state. Ashcroft has singled out the Salvation Army as a group that should be able to receive the federal funds without having to "sanitize their identity."

Ashcroft has a good idea, provided it is only a stepping stone to a time when churches would accept the full responsibility of caring for the poor—which has been their historic mission. Yet they don't like the idea one bit. As the Rev. Fred Kammer, president of Catholic Charities U.S.A., put it: private charities "simply do not have the present or foreseeable resources" to take the full burden of the welfare system. In other words, "We can't do it, fellows. We've only got five loaves and two fishes. Better let Caesar feed this mob." ☆



North Carolina

Congressman Charles Rose III, a North Carolina Democrat, married Stayce Hefner, the daughter of Bill Hefner, another North Carolina Democrat. Rose has been married twice before, so his new wife, as he noted, is Mrs. Charles Rose III in more way than one. ☆



Oklahoma

In the wake of the disaster at Oklahoma City, the President's call for tough anti-terrorist legislation is both sad and ironic—sad because under different circumstances the FBI might have prevented the tragedy in Oklahoma City, ironic because it was the investigative powers that enabled agents to infiltrate extremist groups and head off violence. The irony is deepened when we recall that the legislation handcuffing the FBI was a retaliation for intelligence operations directed at radical student groups protesting the Vietnam War.

For those too young to understand the 60s except through the lens of Oliver Stone, this is not the first time a government building has been bombed by domestic terrorists. The Weather Underground (known popularly as "the Weathermen") was a mili-

tant group that evolved from Students for a Democratic Society. The Weathermen were unashamedly dedicated to the overthrow of the American government, and during their heyday they claimed credit for more than 35 bombings. Among these were explosions at the U.S. Capitol, the Pentagon, law enforcement agencies, and corporate structures. As in the case of Oklahoma City, these bombings resulted in deaths and serious injuries. To give you some idea of the political climate at that time, between February 9, 1968 and January 20, 1969 more than 11 bombings took place in the state of California alone.

Yet ideologues in Congress, fueled by distorted accounts of FBI excesses in the national press, conducted a series of vindictive hearings that resulted in the Bureau's activities. Now the President wants the FBI to have more latitude in its investigation of suspected terrorists groups. Congress should probably restore some of those powers to the FBI—with the provision, of course, that the Democrats won't start hollering as soon as the terrorists turn out to be politically correct. ☆



South Carolina

Just who does Clive Cussler think he is? Unhappy because he was not in complete control of the raising of the *CSS Hunley*, the adventure novelist told Governor David Beasley he wouldn't continue to assist in the recovery of the Confederate sub until his demands were met. According to *The Greenville News*, Cussler thought that the archaeologist overseeing the project, Mark Newell of the Institute of Archaeology at the University of South Carolina, was incompetent and demanded that Newell be fired as a condition for his continued assistance.

In early June, Cussler got his wish as Newell was removed from the *Hunley* project. The announcement came as a blow, especially to the SC SCV, who counted Newell as a member. But USC officials argue they had no choice: Cussler is the only man alive with the coordinates of the find. ☆



Tennessee

Senator Bill Frist looked like a first-rate freshman senator when he was elected in 1994. Now he

looks just a little less than first-rate. With a great deal of fanfare from the national media, he voted in favor of Dr. Henry Foster's ill-fated nomination to the post of surgeon general. In explaining himself, Frist said that the question was not really abortion but the fact that Foster was such a fine fellow and an old Nashville friend. Frist was, of course, wrong. The issue was indeed abortion, as both sides of the debate continued to say. Now that he's in the U.S. Senate, Frist must learn that old buddies are not always the best people to bring to Washington, a lesson Bill Clinton is currently pondering. ☆



Texas

In Cleburne, the police arrested Thomas A. Anderson for preaching on the street without a permit. It seems that according to a city ordinance, before you could preach in a public place you had to have a license. Clearly, John the Baptist, the 12 Apostles and Jesus Himself would have encountered trouble if they'd tried out any of their sermons in this hard town.

But that was prior to Anderson's trial, where the ordinance was ruled unconstitutional. At this point, the city fathers repealed it. It was a rare victory for the First Amendment, won, incidentally, by the American Family Association Law Center, which now takes on cases involving First Amendment Rights of Christians. ☆

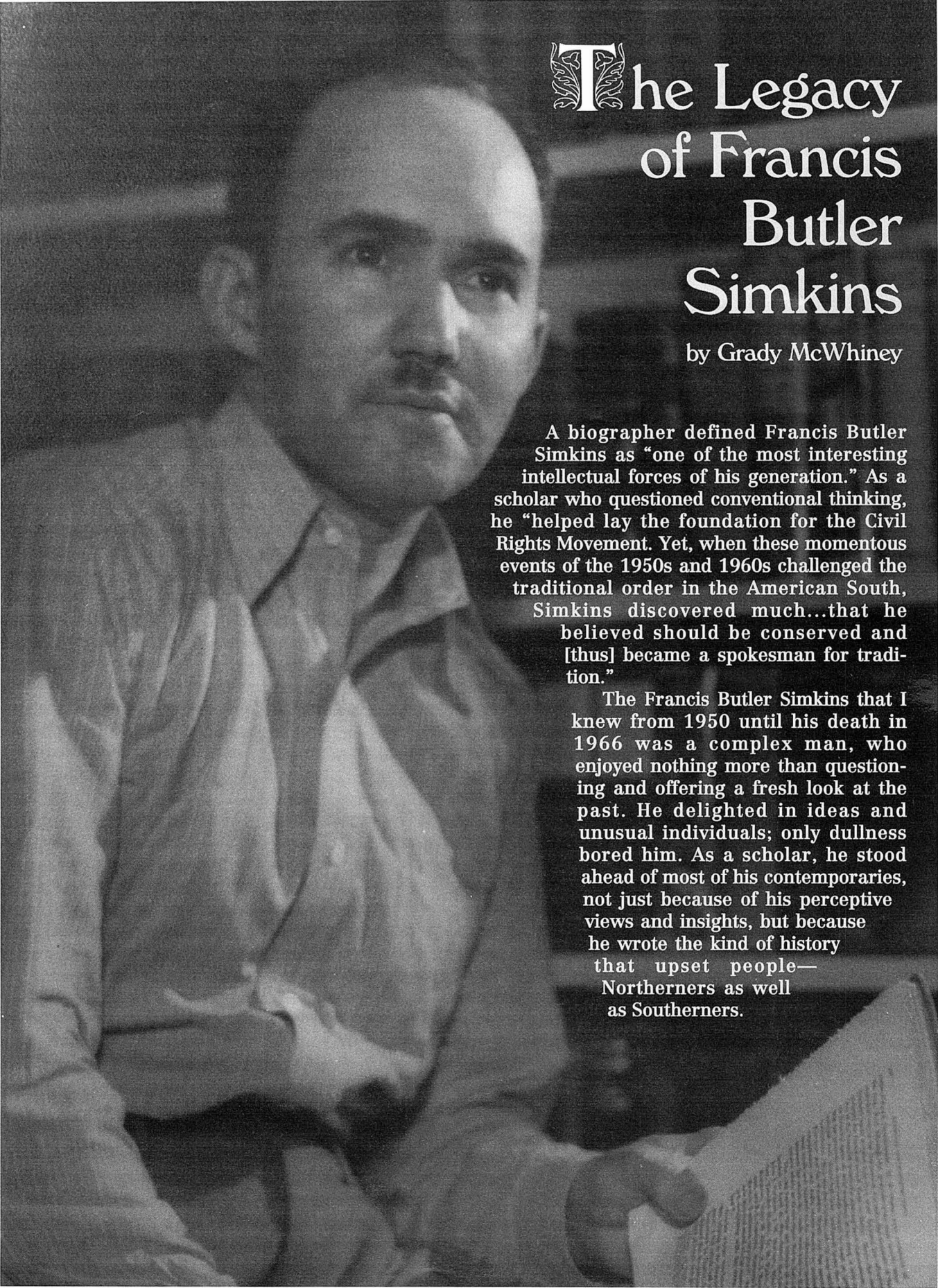


Virginia

In Virginia, Robert Lee Brock filed what many believe is the ultimate civil rights suit. Brock—who says he was under the influence of alcohol at the time of his crime—was convicted of breaking and entering and grand larceny. This criminal activity, he maintains, was against his religious beliefs. Whom, then, did he sue? Himself, of course.

As he explained it: "I partook of alcoholic beverages in 1993, July 1st, as a result I caused myself to violate my religious beliefs."

Now here comes the kicker: since Brock was a ward of the state of Virginia at the time he filed suit, he asked that the state be ordered to pay him the \$5 million in damages for his violation of his own rights. A judge who clearly knew where to draw the line threw the case out of court. ☆



The Legacy of Francis Butler Simkins

by Grady McWhiney

A biographer defined Francis Butler Simkins as "one of the most interesting intellectual forces of his generation." As a scholar who questioned conventional thinking, he "helped lay the foundation for the Civil Rights Movement. Yet, when these momentous events of the 1950s and 1960s challenged the traditional order in the American South, Simkins discovered much...that he believed should be conserved and [thus] became a spokesman for tradition."

The Francis Butler Simkins that I knew from 1950 until his death in 1966 was a complex man, who enjoyed nothing more than questioning and offering a fresh look at the past. He delighted in ideas and unusual individuals; only dullness bored him. As a scholar, he stood ahead of most of his contemporaries, not just because of his perceptive views and insights, but because he wrote the kind of history that upset people—Northerners as well as Southerners.

Born in Edgefield, South Carolina, December 14, 1897, Simkins took his undergraduate degree in 1918 from the University of South Carolina, where he studied history with Professor Yates Snowden, and in 1920 received an M.A. and in 1926 a Ph.D from Columbia University. During the next forty years, Simkins became a distinguished historian, teaching briefly as a regular or a visiting professor at a number of schools: Randolph Macon College, the University of North Carolina, Emory University, Louisiana State University, the University of Mississippi, Princeton University, Mississippi State University, the University of Texas and the University of Massachusetts. But he spent most of his long academic career at Longwood College in Farmville, Virginia.

A great teacher, whose students called him "Doc," his technique was simple; he made friends with his students and treated them as a patient father would treat his children. I recall how Doc dealt with my first graduate paper, written in the summer of 1950 at Louisiana State University. After reading what I had written, he invited me to discuss it with him at a campus cafe. He paid for our iced tea with the most crumpled dollar bill I had ever seen, which he finally found, after a lengthy search, deep in one of his pockets. He told me that he liked my paper (its thesis probably appealed to his iconoclastic nature), but he explained—tactfully, to avoid hurting my feelings—that my "effort" needed revision before an editor would consider it for publication. When I expressed fear that I lacked the skill to make a significant improvement in what I had done, Doc offered to become my coauthor. I accepted, and one hot day our collaboration began. Under the shade of a great live oak (neither faculty offices nor the library were air conditioned then), he rewrote our piece; Doc scratched out my awkward and amateurish words, moved sentences about and added colorful phrases. What he did amazed and pleased me. He turned a rough draft into an article. More important to me, he explained why he thought certain words or phrases belonged or did not belong; graciously he asked me—and always got—my approval of each change. It seems to me, looking back, that I learned a good bit about writing that day.

During his career, Doc received many honors: the Dunning Prize, the Guggenheim Fellowship, the Fleming Foundation Lectureship, a number of other awards, and election in 1954 as president of the Southern Historical Association, which much later honored him by establishing the Francis Butler Simkins Prize awarded each year for the best first book in Southern history.

An appropriate honor, this first book award, because Doc wrote so ably and sympathetically about the South. His most important works were

The Tillman Movement in South Carolina, published in 1928; *South Carolina During Reconstruction*, published in 1932 and written with Robert H. Woody; *Pitchfork Ben Tillman*, published in 1944; *A History of the South*, first published in 1947; and *The Everlasting South*, published in 1963.

In his early works, when most historians still accepted the traditional view of Reconstruction, Doc became one of the first revisionists. During the 1930s and 1940s, because his work placed blacks at the center of Reconstruction history, progressive liberals claimed him as a hero. But after World War II, when nearly all historians boasted of their liberalism, Doc Simkins became one of the few vocal conservatives in the profession. "His study of Reconstruction in South Carolina...seemed to put him among the enlightened revisionists of the dark period," wrote his friend and coauthor Robert H. Woody. "But more and more he came to stress the distinctive characteristics of the 'everlasting South,' and to question the validity of such that passed for progress in the modern South. His forte was the propounding of ideas rather than the systematic marshalling of facts. He was a stimulating conversationalist, a ready lecturer, and always boldly free to give a reason for the faith that was in him."

Another academic who knew Simkins considered him "the most informal man" he ever met. Gregarious and overflowing with challenging questions, Doc enjoyed interesting people, but if the conversation lagged, he often dozed. As a friend admitted, Doc could not "endure being bored by an empty mind." When vice-president of the Southern Historical Association and on stage during the annual banquet, he snoozed through the presidential address. He did the same at the home of his department chairman at Louisiana State University, who inflicted a violin solo upon his guests after dinner. The story of Doc's sleeping through the chairman's solo spread across campus delighting faculty and students, who had nicknamed the outraged administrator "the pope" to emphasize his pompous and overbearing ways. But the sleeping incident doubtless speeded Doc's leaving LSU and returning to Longwood, where he happily reported: "They don't understand me but they tolerate me."

Another example of how his informality often upset people occurred just before Doc left LSU. Taking advantage of an open invitation to drop by and discuss books, a graduate student called at Doc's home one afternoon. Doc and his young son Chip had been taking a nap in the summer heat and humidity that made pre-air conditioned Baton Rouge so uncomfortable. Both came to greet their visitor. Because they had been napping naked, they answered the door without either attire or embarrassment. The startled visitor, suddenly aware that neither Chip nor his father intended to burden

themselves with clothing, admonished: "For Heaven's sake, Doc, go put some clothes on."

Doc's dress, as well as his undress, attracted attention. He dressed in a careless, somewhat quaint fashion, but on trips he often wore an old homburg hat. Now, as you know, a homburg used to be stylish, but Doc never gave his hat a fraction of the care and attention it needed. So instead of adding to his appearance, his homburg gave him an outdated and slightly scruffy look.

Nearly daily a dressing difficulty surfaced. Doc had trouble keeping his shirttail in his trousers; usually by mid-morning half or more of it had escaped. After years of patient effort, his wife finally taught him to tuck it into his shorts. Yet even that failed. By afternoon Doc's shirttail might still be inside his shorts, but by then his trousers had slipped down several inches below the tops of his shorts. Toenails were another problem. Doc never cut them, but because his shoes hurt his feet he always removed his shoes during seminars and propped his feet up on a chair displaying quite unselfconsciously the huge holes his long toenails had cut through his socks.

I am not sure that Doc's wife Margaret ever accused him of being too informal, but I know that she did call him a number of things. One of her milder charges was that he could wreck a house with only a *New York Times* and an orange. His habit was to peel and discard pieces of both as he walked through the house. He had a curious habit of playing with a newspaper—that is, tearing off pieces, rolling them up, sticking them in his ear, and then tossing them aside.

One of his former students, after visiting the Simkins family, claimed that Doc rejected the germ theory of disease. It seems that he decided to invite his guests out in the yard and treat them to some homemade ice cream, which he somehow managed to prepare without accident in a primitive freezer. The trouble began when Doc opened the container and began dispensing ice cream to his guests. At that point several neighboring dogs joined the party. As the dogs attempted to get into the ice cream

container, Doc continued to serve his guests with a wooden spoon that he also used to beat off the dogs. Soon he got ice cream on the dogs and dog hair on the spoon and in the ice cream. Undaunted, Doc discarded the spoon and, in the words of his horrified guest, "stuck his grubby little hand down in the container and began scooping out and serving ice cream mixed with dog hair."

I do not question the accuracy of this story; at cocktail parties Doc would eat anything on his plate with his fingers whether it was finger food or not. As one observer noted, Doc's tastes were catholic. His friends certainly never doubted his appreciation of good food and drink. Eating with Doc could be a memorable experience. On our first visit to New Orleans, he informed me that any good restaurant had checkered tablecloths and male waiters. He also introduced me to lobster, telling me, a country boy from north Louisiana, that it was just a big

Yankee crawfish.

He was generous and so was his wife. During the first week of my graduate career, I was alone in a room used by graduate assistants when Doc opened the door and asked: "Have you eaten?" When I replied no, he invited me to his home for lunch. At the university parking lot, he handed me his car keys, saying, "You drive." Before

doing so, I had to repair a badly bent windshield wiper that had been scraping the windshield rather than wiping it. Doc was no mechanic. Nor had he called ahead to prepare his wife for our coming, and when we arrived at his house, he said: "You wait here." I had no idea why I should remain in the car while he went inside to eat. I was already beginning to realize that Doc was not just informal; he was down-right eccentric. But soon he emerged from his house, waved to me and announced: "Come on in. Margaret says it's okay." The lunch, featuring a delicious homemade soup, was excellent.

Doc loved tasty fare as well as visiting in the grand old Southern style. While single, "Fetch" Simkins, as he was affectionately called, frequently spent months at a time with various prosperous families enjoying their comfortable homes. A num-



Dr. Simkins with Bonnie H. Molnar (Mrs. John W. Molnar), wife of the late chairman of Longwood's music department, in the early 1950s.

ber of South Carolinians boasted that "Old Fetch" not only spent the winter with their family, but claimed he wrote a specific book while visiting them. The trouble was that different families claimed him for the same book! He readily availed himself of their openhanded hospitality so frequently and for such long periods of time that some wit claimed Doc's initials stood not for Francis Butler Simkins but for Free Board Simkins.

Once when Doc was visiting a professor at Princeton University he stayed overnight with my wife and me in New York City. This visit was far from the plantation hospitality he had enjoyed as a young man. We lived in a cramped apartment befitting graduate students. Unfortunately, while using our small bathroom, Doc dropped and broke his false teeth. This upset him tremendously; he dreaded the badgering he feared from his wife upon returning to Princeton with broken teeth. "Margaret thinks I'm a damn fool anyway," he admitted.

I called a place that promised to repair his teeth within a few hours and off we went on the subway to find it. Assured that he would not have to go back to New Jersey with broken teeth, Doc thoroughly enjoyed our wait to have them fixed. He quickly decided we should lunch at a place that served good German food and beer. Without his teeth, Doc had a few problems with the food, but he compensated by indulging himself with beer.

Doc may have been a sensualist but he was too innocent to be a lady's man. I recall a story told by his wife, who informed Doc when he came home one afternoon that she had been to visit the doctor. Preoccupied with something else, Doc asked vaguely about Dr. Smith's health. Margaret informed him that she had not been to see Dr. Smith about his health but her own. Sitting Doc down, she told him she had some important news—she was pregnant. This shocked him so much that Doc stammered a bit before apologetically admitting: "My God, Margaret, I feel partly responsible!"

Because Doc was so kind and unassuming, so hospitable and courteous, everyone who loved him forgave his faults. Knowing that his wife never gave him more than a dollar at a time because he invariably lost whatever money he had with him, we joked about his carelessness and forgetfulness. Graduate students put their theses and dissertations in Doc's hands with mixed emotions. They appreciated his careful editing and helpful suggestions for improving their work, but they lamented his habit of misplacing and sometimes actually losing some of their pages. They all admitted that Doc took as much care with their manuscripts as he did with his own. But it came to be expected that he would lose several pages of any paper he read. I recall him complaining to me at a history conference that he had misplaced some of the essay he

had intended to present and had been compelled to scratch out a replacement in longhand from memory.

Ordinarily Doc wrote at odd hours on an antique typewriter. An early riser, he liked to set up under a shady tree at first light, but when his noisy typing outside annoyed his neighbors, he removed his table and typewriter to the local graveyard, where apparently his hunt and peck typing disturbed not a soul.

What distinguished Doc from so many of his contemporaries was that he refused to truckle to current historical fads; indeed, to use his phrase, he believed that historians ought to "tolerate the South's past." Unlike many Southern historians, Simkins was unashamed of being a Southerner; he was proud of his origins and ancestry. This alone, he knew, was reason enough for most Yankees and Yankeeified Southerners to object to his views. Doc wrote about a wide range of Southerners, but concentrated on understanding and justifying historically the plain white people of the South, especially postbellum Southerners and such of their heroes as Benjamin R. (Pitchfork Ben) Tillman of South Carolina.

"I do not attempt to emphasize here the contributions of the South to the history of the United States," Doc explained in his Southern history textbook. "I propose instead to stress those political and social traits that make the region between the Potomac and the Rio Grande a cultural province conscious of its identity." To him the changes that occurred over time in the South were not nearly as significant as the persistence of cultural continuity in the region. "The militant nationalism of the Southern people supplemented rather than diminished their provincialism; devotion to state and region went along with devotion to the United States," Doc observed. "Gloating pride in growing cities and imported industries went along with retention of country habits. The interest of the youth of the region in rifles, dogs, and wildlife, like that of the Virginia gentlemen of the eighteenth century, was often greater than their interest in classroom studies."

Doc often provoked conventional historians by saying or writing things that they did not want to hear. Invited to become a visiting professor at the University of British Columbia, he willingly admitted to the administrators that he was something probably no Canadian university had ever had on its faculty—the grandson of a Confederate field officer. Doc even delighted in revealing the full name and regiment of his ancestor—Lieutenant Colonel John Calhoun Simkins of the 3rd South Carolina Artillery.

At times Doc seemed to do and say things just to shock people. A few months before his death I saw him at a party in Richmond arm-in-arm with

Professor Eugene D. Genovese. Doc was taking this famous radical historian about and, to their mutual delight, introducing him to the most sheltered of Southern ladies with these words: "I'll bet you never met a real live communist before!"

Doc sometimes acted the bumpkin, but he became serious when he spoke or wrote in opposition to the nationalizing of Southern history. In the Southern Historical Association presidential address, "Tolerating the South's Past," he denounced the tendency of modern historians to judge the South and its people by the modern standards of today rather than by those of the past. "Chroniclers of Southern history," he charged, "often do not grasp the most elementary concept of sound historiography: the ability to appraise the past by standards other than those of the present. They accept a fanatical nationalism which leaves little room for sectional variations, a faith in Darwinian progress which leaves no room for static contentment, and a faith in the American dream of human equality which leaves little room for one person to get ahead of another except in making money."

In his later years, Doc knew that most historians disagreed with his views. He also understood that his outspoken opinions together with his personal eccentricities kept him from receiving either the academic position or the professional recognition that his ability merited. He once said regarding a paper he was about to deliver at a history confer-

ence: "I fear it will be hooted by patriotic Southerners who are ashamed of the South." He announced in 1961: "I have submitted about 10 of my essays to LSU Press. But I fear they will be adjudged too reactionary." When, to his surprise, the Louisiana State University Press agreed to publish his essays, he discovered that he still had a problem. He feared that it would be impossible to get a Southern historian to endorse his book. "If I was young enough to be ambitious I would shut my mouth," Doc wrote. "The New York Times magazine editor called me up, asking me to write an article, and then changed his mind in another phone call."

Doc wisely turned for an endorsement of his last book, *The Everlasting South*, to his former student and friend Charles P. Roland, then a distinguished historian at the University of Kentucky. "Probably a great majority of historians today disagree with Professor Simkins' logic," Roland admitted in his foreword. "But probably a great majority of the common folk of the South, wittingly or unwittingly, agree with the gist of it."

Just as Doc expected, nationalistic historians generally ignored or dismissed *The Everlasting South* as the work of an aberrant. "Conservatism gets no attention in the U.S.," he complained. "Everyone, even multimillionaires, imagine themselves radicals."

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, powerful people in publishing either rejected Doc's work or



Ruffner Hall, Longwood's main administration building.

forced him to modify it to suit liberal values. "While [in New York City]...I delivered the ms of *The Seaboard South*...to A.A. Knopf in a short interview along with a letter of commendation of my effort from Prof. Walter Johnson, editor of the series," wrote Simkins in 1959. "Knopf then went into a gassy tirade saying Walter and the other contributors to the regional history series were no good. I left feeling rather gloomy thinking that despite my contract, the autocratic old publisher will throw my ms out of the window."

A few weeks later Doc received a letter that confirmed what he had feared. "Knopf sent me a devastating report on my book which may indicate that I shall not be able to revise it to his satisfaction," Doc admitted. "A very able critic of the neo-abolitionist variety...is adverse to the idea of trying to treat the Seaboard South as a separate segment of the nation and he seems to think the only wise way to treat the Radicals, Bourbons, Negroes, and the Agrarians is in the [C. Vann] Woodward manner. But at least the objections to my book are concrete, and it may be possible to meet many of them. Knopf accepts what this critic says as gospel and the only way I could have of evading the criticism would be to throw the ms in the garbage. Naturally I am discouraged...I hate like hell to abandon *The Seaboard South*. I foolishly abandoned [writing a biography of Jefferson] Davis in favor of it. It is not supposed to be original scholarship, and I may not have the flair to write semi-popular stuff."

Despite various attempts to revise that manuscript, including seeking a coauthor who was closer to what Doc called "the Knopf-Woodward-University of NC Press...position than I am," *The Seaboard South* never found a publisher. But this was not because Doc insisted that his work be published without alterations; he accepted criticism, even when he disagreed with it, and he believed that revision improved his writing.

On another occasion, Doc confessed: "At the suggestion of [Professor Howard] Quint I rewrote the article on 'Reconstruction,' eliminating most of the Confederate 'bias.' He said my 1st version was too 'conventional,' so I have gone all out for revision."

Doc could be amazingly forbearing of those who refused to tolerate either his work or the South's past. "As I grow older I try to be free of prejudice and at the same time tolerate the prejudices of others," he wrote just before his death. He liked thoughtful people regardless of what they believed. For example, he strongly supported the appointment of an Italian-Irish Catholic, a New Yorker, to the history faculty at Longwood. "I believe [Longwood] will be satisfied with T., but will T. be satisfied with this place?" Doc asked. "I want you to write him a note in the light of your acquaintance with the Farmville community. Tell him we have a

teachers' college," but that "we are tolerant enough to keep...diverse persons...He seems civilized and animated enough not to make the girls sleep. [Tell him that] this is a Protestant community, but it has a thriving Catholic [church]...One can get away with being an integrationist. The town is provincial, but tolerant of mannerly Yankees and other foreigners."

In his attempt to "tell the stark truth" as he saw it, Doc never pulled his punches, not even on "big name" historians. "Allan Nevins spent the day here [at Longwood] lecturing on the glories of Big Business," Doc once observed. "The Old Abolitionist spoke in private bitterly of the persecution of the Negro [but kept quiet on this subject in his public speech]. Of course all liked his glorification of Rockefeller and Ford."

Doc was always modest. For a time there were two doctors named Simkins in Farmville—one was a black M.D. When Doc received phone calls asking if he was Doctor Simkins, he always answered: "Yes, but I'm not the one that can do you any good."

To a critic, who complained about a paper that Simkins proposed to read at an historical meeting, Doc replied: "I am distressed that...you are upset by the tone of the paper I plan to read. Seemingly I have given you too severe a dose of Southern prejudice. I am taking [out] some of the phrases...as tactless and in bad taste...I like to be frank but I do not wish to offend unduly."

In his letter to this offended Northerner, Doc explained what he believed was his responsibility, as an historian of the South, to the Southern plain folk. "You may not understand that I am attempting to give what actually the ordinary white Southerner thinks," he wrote. "our press—liberal and reactionary—and our politicians will not give publicity to what is actually happening; they want to be overtactful so as to attract Northern industry...As a historian I believe that all significant historical events—even Nazi Germany and Communist Russia—have explanations—perhaps even justifications. This even applies to the South...The historians, even the Southern ones,...have of late abandoned the Southern heritage...The common white people—except as they try to lure Northern investors—have not. Don't you think they have the right—at least in an historical session—to be justified?"

Doc once told me that there were many disappointments in scholarship. He certainly had his share, especially toward the end of his career. Dismissed at LSU in 1951, Doc returned to Longwood where he had taught happily for twenty years before going to Louisiana and where he would spend his remaining years. "The work [here at Longwood] is quite elementary," he explained. "I

like that. It is conducive to...research." "Getting hired in a teachers' college may be terminal," he admitted, "but it may lead to greater scholarship. You have freedom here to be a good or a bad teacher, to be lazy or industrious." Later he stated: "I like this place. I don't give all my time to the students' frolics. They tolerate me and I have more time for my work than I did at L.S.U."

Yet in giving students advice, he warned that they might be making a mistake to follow his example. Those who hoped to become successful historians should "not stay in the South;" anyone who did remain "would [soon] be talking about autos, how wonderful the little college is, and grinning at the girls."

Doc never expected liberal nationalists to admire his work, but it disappointed him that Southerners so often misunderstood and rejected his views.

During his last years, as his health failed, a touch of despair seemed mixed with his characteristic energy and enthusiasm. "I have about completed for Van Nostrand ...a paperback, 'The Reconstruction of the South, 1865-1965,'" he wrote just before his death. "It may be too pessimistic to please."

His greatest disappointment was that he had not spent the last years of his life on a biography of Jefferson Davis. "God, I wish I were working on J. Davis," Simkins wrote in May 1958; "I am—perhaps 6 or 7 hours a day—grinding out something on the Seaboard South. It may be worth little; just a pot-boiler." A year later he complained: "I regret much having not continued with my Davis. It was a great error to turn aside for the Seaboard South." "If Knopf reacts favorably to my [Seaboard South] b[oo]k, I shall go again after J. Davis," Doc promised in September 1959. "I have written about 1/3 of it in long hand. I'll copy that off on triple-space typewriter. That will perhaps give me enthusiasm to write the rest. I should never allowed myself to be diverted to the Seaboard book." Four years later he lamented: "I regret getting diverted from Jeff Davis. If I am not too old I'll return to that thesis."

But he never did. Believing just as did Jefferson Davis in tolerating and justifying the South's past, Doc could have given Davis a sympathetic yet criti-

cal understanding that he deserved but had not received. "The historian of the South should join the social novelist who accepts the values of the age and the section about which he writes," Doc declared. "He should learn to identify truth with facts. By mixing sympathy, understanding, and a bit of kindness with his history, he might attract the people about whom he writes to read his books. And this could be done without sacrificing scholarly integrity."

Doc's most lasting contribution to his native land may not have been his fine study of Reconstruction in South Carolina, or his excellent biography of Ben Tillman, or even his popular *History of the South*, but rather his understanding that it is just as possible and just as scholarly for historians to be Southerners as it is for them to be Americans. Historians of the South should not be "ashamed of



Dr. Simkins was always eager to meet informally with graduate students and colleagues.

the peculiar standards of their section," Doc pointed out. "Some of them write 'the literature of accommodation.' The Southern historian [Douglas Southall Freeman], who has won the greatest applause, writes of the heroes of the Confederacy without arguing whether or not they were quixotic. The best recognized historian of the Old South [Ulrich B. Phillips] pictures plantation life without assuming that it was a grand mistake. Another historian examines the literature of the poor whites without moralizing against them because they were not as thrifty as their social betters. A recent historian of the New South joins William Faulkner in exposing the true tragedy of the South; it was not the defeat at Appomattox, but the truckling of both scalawag and Bourbon, both material-

ist and idealist, to alien values."

As he lay dying, Doc made two requests: first, "I hope you can help me defend the toleration of the past, which I think is the chief duty of the historian;" second, "Don't forget me." How could a Southern historian fail to tolerate the South's past or to forget Francis Butler Simkins?

Grady McWhiney is Lyndon Baines Johnson Professor of American History at Texas Christian University in Fort Worth, Texas.

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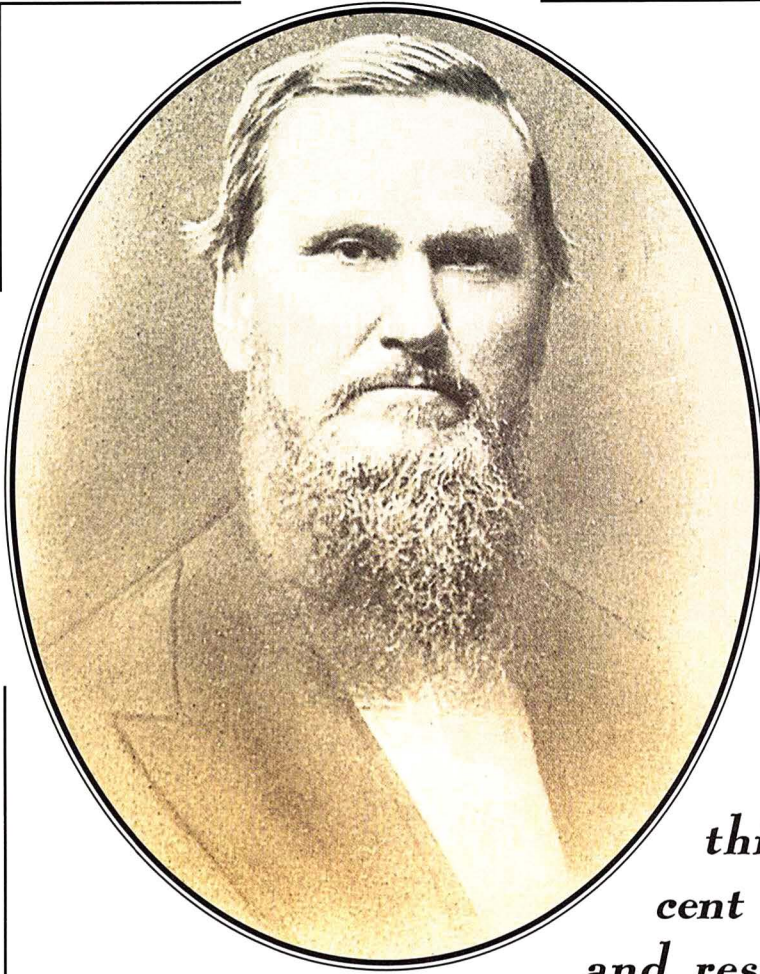
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R.L. Dabney, Confederate Prophet

By Collie Owens

“God gave the people of this land great and magnificent blessings, and opportunities and responsibilities. They might and should have made it the glory of all lands. But they have betrayed their trust: they have abused every gift: above all they have insulted Him by flaunting in His face an impudent, atheistic, God-defying theory of pretended human rights and human perfectibility which attempts to deny man’s subordination, his dependence, his fall and native depravity, his need of divine grace. It invites mankind to adopt material civilization and sensual advantage as their divinity. It assumes to be able to perfect man’s condition by its political, literary and mechanical skill, despising that Gospel of Christ which is man’s only adequate remedy...Must not God be avenged on such a nation as this?”

Robert Lewis Dabney (1820-1898), college and seminary professor, loyal Virginian and chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia—was the boldest and most learned of the Southern apologists (with the possible exception of Albert Taylor Bledsoe) in the post-War years. Dabney produced many books over his long career, including one of the finest biographies of Stonewall Jackson, commissioned by Mrs. Jackson shortly after her husband's death. Dabney served briefly as Jackson's Chief of Staff in the glorious spring of 1862 and came to admire Jackson's character, generalship and strong religious faith. After the war, Dabney returned to teaching but did not neglect his writing.

While the bulk of Dabney's written work is theological, his comments on secular matters—particularly in the period from 1865 to his death in 1898—show him to be a man of perspicacious insight in such diverse areas as politics, economics, history, law, labor relations and education. Dabney discerned more clearly than any of his ex-Confederate colleagues how the North's victory unleashed a plethora of calamitous forces that would poison the political and social bodies of the entire nation. Volume four of Dabney's *Discussions*, recently reprinted by Sprinkle Publications (*Southern Partisan*, Second Quarter 1994, *Partisan Conversation*), collects Dabney's speeches and articles on such secular topics.

Below are gathered from this volume some of Dabney's trenchant analyses relating to public schools, women's rights and the central government. In every case Dabney's predictions have, unfortunately, come true a hundred years and more after he delivered them.

One of Dabney's classic expositions is on "the falsehood and deadly tendencies of the Yankee theory of popular State education." His basic objection to public education was that the primary educator of children should be the parents, not the state. Furthermore, forcing impressionable children to mingle with the morally impure would inevitably, given our sinful natures, tend toward corruption. In addition, the curriculum of the state schools would be dominated by the radical demagogues of the North; hence, education would become mere brainwashing. The purpose of the school would not be to educate but "to inculcate upon all the children...the malignant and lying creed of Radicalism...this gospel of hate and murder and these utter falsifications of history and fact and constitutional law..." When one surveys the drugs, crime, violence, vulgarity and politically correct curriculum in today's "blackboard jungles," the astuteness of Dabney's warnings is remarkable.

Dabney also foresaw the inevitable secularizing

process that would be demanded by the circumstances of the public school. In Dabney's view no area of life is religiously neutral, certainly not an endeavor as critical as education. Yet the public school is committed to being non-sectarian so as not to offend parents and children of differing religious persuasions. Only a watered-down morality and general religiosity were being tolerated in most classrooms even in his day, and this Dabney rejected as unsatisfying to all parties. Dabney's Reformed theology did not allow a neat separation of subjects into secular and sacred. All of learning and all of life are inherently religious, that is, all things tend toward a knowledge of God and His glory. Dabney asks, "How can one teach history, ethics, psychology, cosmology, without implying some religious opinions?" To exclude Bible study from the school was to diminish in the students' eyes the importance of such study, as if God were an optional afterthought rather than the focus and end of learning. Dabney knew that the secularizing process once begun would have no logical stopping place. He warned, "All prayers, catechisms, and Bibles will ultimately be driven out of the schools." Since the 1960s this dire prophecy has, tragically, come to pass, along with the concomitant collapse of morality, which is, as Dabney maintained, only effectively sanctioned by religious faith.

In addition to his prophetic words regarding education, Dabney's diagnosis of feminism illustrates his ability to predict future developments based on his analysis of forces already at work in the last half of the nineteenth century. The women's rights movement, in Dabney's eyes, was concocted by the same radical Yankee egalitarianism that propagated the state school and would produce the same chaotic outcome.

Dabney's wit is never sharper than when he denounces "Mistress Amazon" and her idea of equality: "It means that a woman has a natural right to do all the particular things that a man does (if she can), to sit on juries and shave her beard, to serve in the army and ride astraddle, to preach sermons and sing bass." Dabney's rejoinder to the demands of the feminists emphasizes the traditional role of women as homemakers and the biblical teaching regarding the subordinate (not inferior) position of women.

With astonishing prescience Dabney understood that expanding the right to vote to blacks and women would be used by corrupt politicians for their own empowerment. He notes that "it is a regular trick of American demagogues in power to manufacture new classes of voters to sustain them in office." Dabney also foresaw that the extension of rights would be taken to absurd extremes, such as children's rights and animal rights: he ridicules

the spineless politicians who would cave in to the demands for "baby suffrage" and giving "suffrage to asses." Dabney was being sarcastic, of course, but on this issue he was perhaps wiser than he knew.

Dabney predicted that sexual equality would lead to animosity between the sexes, more divorces, and the breakdown of parental authority, all with catastrophic effects on society. The wife, under the "progressive" scheme, would demand authority in the home equal to the husband's, thus producing a co-partnership rather than a true covenant, moreover a co-partnership that might be dissolved for transient causes. Dabney describes the result of such family breakdown:

...when families shall be disrupted at the caprice of either party, and the children scattered as foundlings from their hearthstone,—it requires no wisdom to see that a race of sons will be reared nearer akin to devils than men. In the hands of such a bastard progeny, without discipline, without homes, without a God, the last remains of social order will speedily perish, and society will be overwhelmed in savage anarchy.

Considering the conditions in every major urban area today where single-parent "families" predominate—crime, riots, violence, gangs, drugs and welfare-subsidized shiftlessness—one has to agree with Dabney that social order depends on order in the family.

Dabney further calculated that gender equality would quickly lead to the abuse and battering of women. In our Christian tradition, with its heritage of feudal and Southern chivalry, women were venerated and protected. In this new arrangement, however, women competing with men will inevitably lose, Dabney contends, because the female is the weaker vessel: "The world is a hard and selfish scene where the weaker goes to the wall. Under all other civilizations and all other religions than ours woman has experienced this fate to the full." As a result of this situation the female will be "defeated and despised, tolerated only to satiate the passion, to amuse the idleness,

to do the drudgery, and to receive the curses and blows of her barbarized masters." Does the name O.J. Simpson come to mind?

Dabney's most cogent insights into what Brave New Yankee World would spawn can be found in his exposition of the dislocations in the federal system (as originated by the Founding Fathers) caused during and after the War for Southern Independence by the shift of power from the states to the central government. Dabney's argument is substantially the same as other postbellum apologists such as Alexander H. Stephens, namely that the union was formed by sovereign states, which reserved all non-delegated powers to themselves, and that the union could be dissolved by the states if the central government abused its authority.

The Confederate defeat of 1865 allowed the federal government to illegitimately increase its powers, in effect subverting the Constitution. Such, according to Dabney, was the prime goal of the "Jacobin" Republicans all along. He has a hypothetical Northern radical gloat to himself as follows: "But this short war will suffice for us, to centralize Federal power, overthrow the Constitution, fix our high tariffs and plutocratic fiscal system upon the country and secure for ourselves an indefinite tenure of power and riches."

Dabney knew that in order to secure votes and retain domination federal politicians would multiply government "philanthropic" programs that would distract the populace with bread and circuses while the politicians and bureaucrats consolidated their tyrannical control:

No despotic government now avows the ruthless purpose of self-aggrandizement and the gratification of hatred and the lust of power; but its pretense is always the good of society, and the welfare of the governed...No demagogue confesses, in popular governments, the greedy ambition or avarice which proves to be his secret motive: but he seeks only the good of the "dear people," while he betrays them into mischievous anarchy or legislative atrocities.





Mrs. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson commissioned Dabney to write the biography of the great soldier shortly after Jackson's death.

Tentacles of control would extend from Washington into every area of life, and people would begin looking to the federal government as the great benefactor and problem-solver: Thus the property-holder will be educated by his needs and experience, to think of his State as the Cipher, the Washington Government as the only Power. The discontented classes, who must at last be restrained by force, will be educated to regard State authority as a shadow, and Federal authority as the substantial fear. The surest result of the approaching strife will thus be to complete the practical extinction of State sovereignty, and the consolidation of the federation into one empire. It will be an empire governing by the bayonet.

Dabney understood that the Yankee victory had destroyed true federalism and undermined the legitimate purpose of government: The true theory of republican government taught by the Fathers of America was this: That the sole function of civil government is to protect the equitable rights of all, while it bestows class privileges on none, and leaves each free citizen to work out his own preferred welfare by his own honest exertions in his individual independence. But the popular conception of government has come to be that it is a complicated and powerful machine, to be manipulated for the advan-

tage of whatever cliques can seize the control of it, so as to juggle other people's earnings into their pockets. The "popular conception" that government exists to transfer wealth from the productive to the non-productive has indeed become even more popular since Dabney penned these words and has generated the awful monstrosity of the today's out-of-control, power-mad, centralized welfare state.

History has proved the Confederate prophet right on the abuses that would be perpetrated by an unchecked federal government. One only has to look at the gross usurpations of the Clinton Administration—the Waco massacre, the BATF atrocities, the assaults on the Second and Fourth Amendments, the Marxist egalitarianism, the fomenting of class warfare—to realize the weight of Dabney's conclusions.

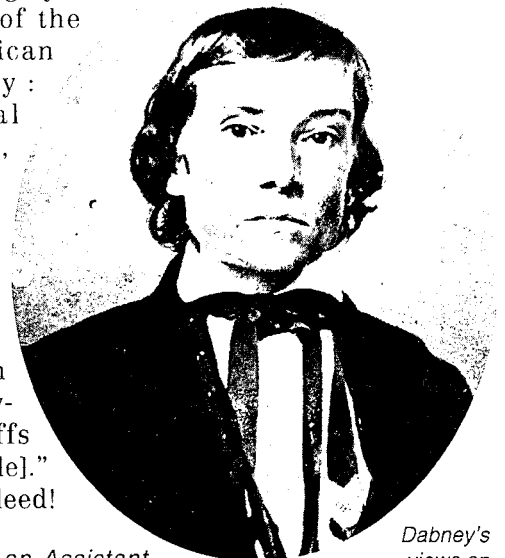
Prophets are typically not honored in their own countries, and Dabney was no exception. His warnings went unheeded, and now 135 years after the attack on the Constitution began in earnest, we are witnessing the nation's social fabric disintegrating from the very forces Dabney argued

against so eloquently. Whether the current upsurge of conservative political strength can turn back these forces remains to be seen, but Dabney's remedy for the country's woes

sounds strangely like the agenda of the new Republican majority:

"Economical government, reduced taxation, the arrest and repeal of all class legislation and a swift return to strictly revenue tariffs [i.e., free trade]."

A prophet indeed!



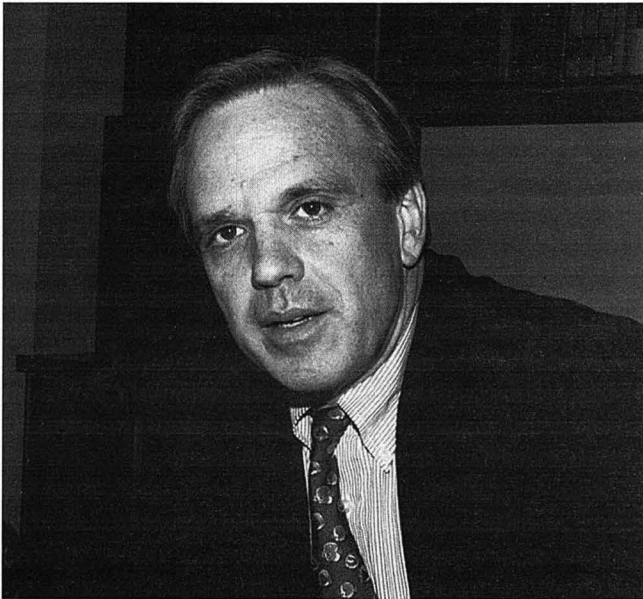
Collie Owens, an Assistant Professor of English at Dekalb College in Dunwoody, Georgia, is a former student of Marion Montgomery's, and poetry editor of The Chattahoochee Review.

Dabney's views on state's rights are consistent with those of Confederate Vice President Alexander H. Stephens

PARTISAN conversation

Patrick M. McSweeney

State Chairman, Republican Party of Virginia



Pat McSweeney is probably one of the most controversial State Republican Party chairmen in the country. Why? He's principled, he speaks his mind and he unashamedly defends and promotes the Southern tradition with eloquence.

McSweeney, 52, is a Richmond, Virginia native. He played backup quarterback for the University of Virginia and graduated from the University of Richmond law school in 1968. He served in the Justice Department during the Nixon administration. His law firm, McSweeney, Burtch and Crump, specializes in environmental, administrative and local government law and is located in the historic Shockoe Slip area of downtown Richmond. McSweeney has been active in party politics for quite some time and was elected State Chairman in 1992. Under his leadership, the party captured the Governor's mansion in 1993 and has set fundraising records for two years in a row. McSweeney lives in Powhatan county with his wife, Wendy and their three children. Rick Williams recently spent a hot, June, Richmond afternoon speaking with Mr. McSweeney about politics and the South.

Southern Partisan: Pat, are there any other lawyers or politicians in your family tree?

McSweeney: No, my father died not having forgiven me for being a lawyer. I was the first one.

Southern Partisan: When did you first become interested in politics?

McSweeney: Watching the 1952 convention, particularly the Republican convention, really got me interested. Taft and Eisenhower were the candidates. Obviously, Eisenhower got the nomination, but my father was a Taft man.

Southern Partisan: So your father was a conservative?

McSweeney: Yes.

Southern Partisan: Who would you say most influenced your political views?

McSweeney: Probably my father—and my mother to some extent too. In the fifties I was heavily influenced by the education I received, which was of their choosing. It was very conservative, and steeped in the traditional disciplines and history.

Southern Partisan: I understand you read a lot of political works. Are there any particular authors you like?

McSweeney: No, I read almost anything I can get my hands on, more cultural than political...the classics obviously interest me as much as some of the modern works. Even as party chairman I'm not as interested in the nuts and bolts as I am in the theory, which is a criticism that one of my interviewers had of me.

Southern Partisan: In a recent interview in the Richmond-Times Dispatch, you were quoted as

saying, "I consciously wanted to link the party to the principles that are at the core of the Southern tradition." How are you doing that?

McSweeney: Well, I think the party does that, even without knowing it. Even when some of our uninformed Yankee Republicans talk about personal virtue and personal responsibility, they're talking about something that I think is essential and at the core of the Southern tradition.

But the essential difference, I think, between the two cultures and what's waning in the South, is a lack of emphasis on materialism. There is an element of the spiritual in the Southern culture that doesn't exist in any other culture in this country, with the possible exception of pockets in New England. It gives balance like nothing else. It's not enough to be a libertarian and reduce government. There's the question of self-government, that we're prepared to govern ourselves and lead the good life and do things for the right reasons. I think the best of the Southern culture and particularly the Virginia tradition answers those important questions better than anything else I've seen, because it's a product of centuries of the traditional, classical and civilizing influences.

Southern Partisan: Considering the War Between the States and the history of Reconstruction, do you find it ironic that the once "solidly Democratic South" is now the "solidly Republican South"?

McSweeney: Oh, surely there's irony. There are some, obviously, who have trouble even now coming over to the Republican Party because of that inherited distaste for Republicans. But it's more because the Democratic Party has changed so dramatically, not so much that the Republican Party has changed. It is because the Democrats abandoned wholesale all the things that the Party stood for that we've had this realignment.

Southern Partisan: In your opinion, are there any Southern politicians today who have the stature of some of the great Southerners of a century ago?

McSweeney: There are Southerners who have stature. Newt Gingrich has stature, but we had great Southerners like John Randolph and John Taylor who were thinkers. They wouldn't have been beguiled by Alvin Toffler. These were deep thinkers who were consistent. The short answer is no, I don't see them. They may be emerging, but I don't see them now.

Southern Partisan: I think that is due to the

scorn and ridicule they would have to endure. I know you've stuck your neck out a few times. Many stand back and ask, "Is it worth it?"

McSweeney: The ones I would like to see come forward (I know they're there) are people who share our view that what's important in life is not necessarily getting a big car and even a fancy job, but doing the right thing and preserving the culture and making sure we're doing what we're here for and doing it right.

That's why I think people look back to the leaders of a century or more ago. Obviously, God must have had His hand on this country in the 1770s and '80s. After that period, there was a real waning. We had a couple of major figures in Virginia that were giants, Taylor and Randolph, but in general things declined. Then we had great leaders during The War Between the States, and after the War frankly, things declined. I'd like to think that the cycle is coming around anew, that we're going to have some real leaders emerge who are not interested in winning in the short run, but doing the right thing and hoping it will be successful.

Southern Partisan: Do you believe the South is regaining the political clout it once held?

McSweeney: Well, that was going to happen anyway. My Democratic counterpart when I was first elected, and an old friend, Paul Goldman, recommended the two-Southerner Democratic ticket in 1992. The reason he did that is because the South has the biggest block of electoral votes. You can't ignore it. The sheer numbers meant sooner or later a savvy politician would see that the South is enormously influential. But I'm glad that we now have a generation that I think can continue to provide a relatively conservative Southern bloc vote.

Southern Partisan: Do you think the Republican Party is close to overcoming its being perceived in the South as the "country club party"?

McSweeney: Not yet, not yet. We're not there. In part, how we react to some of the cultural issues in the next cycle (I'm talking about just in the next 18 months) will determine whether the Republican Party will have the identification it needs among a broad spectrum of Southerners, black and white, but particularly Southerners who feel they have not been part of the political development. But I think that's where our great strength lies. That's why we came to power in the South, not because we went over to country clubbers, but because we were the broad-based party of popular support.

Southern Partisan: Do you see conservatives, particularly religious conservatives, increasing their influence in the Republican Party?

McSweeney: Yes, and without all of the caricatures that we see in the popular media. I consider religious conservatives to be people who believe in God, who believe there ought to be a role in political life for what they consider to be the most important thing in their life and that these people are genuinely conservative in their views. The South tends to be more overtly, openly religious than other parts of the country, and if we aren't openly welcoming religious conservatives, we're not going to be the majority party in the South.

Southern Partisan: How important is faith when it comes to political views and the Southern tradition?

McSweeney: It is absolutely central. That's confrontational nowadays, but I reject the notion that faith is something you put on the shelf, a convenient element to be put on and taken off. If you believe as I do, it has to be central to what you do, whether its politics, or business, or whatever it is. It doesn't mean that we are arrogantly imposing our views on other people. It means that you don't deny the fact that faith is the activating purpose of our lives.

Southern Partisan: Do you think the conservative movement peaked with the '94 elections or can we expect more of the same in '96?

McSweeney: Oh, if it peaked in '94, we're in trouble! Seriously, we are in trouble because we have a bare majority in the House and not enough in the Senate to control the agenda. And we certainly need a major effort to defeat an incumbent in the White House, whether he's weakened or not.

Southern Partisan: Any Presidential hopefuls out there that you like?

McSweeney: Yes, I admire Buchanan quite a bit. I have never had a candidate come around that I agree on every issue. There are things I disagree with Pat about. But I admire his spunk. I admire Alan Keyes and Dick Lugar. Obviously they don't share the same views, but I don't expect to find somebody I agree with a hundred percent. But I think Pat has done what most politicians haven't got the courage to do and that's put up with ridicule.

We need someone who speaks boldly so badly. You know that the ensconced liberals are going to use the media, use the entertainment industry to humiliate and ridicule those people and that's the

worst affront a politician can have. You can stone a politician and not hurt him as badly as you can by ridicule.

Southern Partisan: I found interesting your recent comment that all you need and should expect to govern is 51 to 55 percent of the electorate. Could you elaborate?

McSweeney: I guess I shared the view, but I really hadn't articulated it until I read Tom Edsal's review of Richard Neustadt's book,...Edsal, in reviewing the book *Presidential Power*, wrote about the difference between Reagan and Bush. He said what was important in distinguishing the two, is that Bush felt he could be a 75 percent President. Reagan understood that as polarized as society is today, you could just barely get a majority and have a coherent mandate. Once you go beyond that, you lose the base you have. It's a hard fact and life may change, but in the short run we are so polarized that to get 50-plus percent is probably all we can hope for and that you have to cast off the claims of the other 49 or 48 percent. That's a hard thing for a politician to do. It's something Clinton hasn't learned.

Southern Partisan: John Warner angered many conservatives in Virginia with his vote against the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the renewal of their patent and with his disloyalty to the party regarding the Farris campaign and the North campaign. What are the chances of his being replaced on the ticket in '96 with a true conservative?

McSweeney: Well, I think there's a good chance if the method of nomination is by convention. John Warner has said he won't participate, so he's out by default. But that may mean a three-way race, possibly a four-way race. He did vote against the UDC, but that was only 30 minutes after he had voted the other way. And it left a very sour taste to have someone intimidated by Carol Moseley-Braun. If it was so offensive 30 minutes later, why wasn't it the first time around? It's important I think, even if we lose eventually, to develop a cadre of leaders who will do things because they believe in them.

Southern Partisan: Didn't the Virginia legislature change the law so the incumbent could choose the method of nomination?

McSweeney: Yes, and I've always felt that's unconstitutional and our Party lawyers have said the same thing (the same law firm that has advised Warner in the past on election matters). I can't help but believe a court would agree with us, if it ever

got to that.

Southern Partisan: *I guess this is a good time to ask...are you still considering challenging Senator Warner?*

McSweeney: I have said that the fall 1995 election here in Virginia is our greatest opportunity at the state level. We're going to take over the state house and senate. I promised I wouldn't spend any time talking about the 1996 Senate race even if I ultimately announce. It would be a handicap to wait that long, but I think its important enough to focus on 1995. I'm just going to put that off if I may.

Southern Partisan: *I agree. You gave the keynote address in March in Danville at the dedication of the Confederate monument erected by the Heritage Preservation Association. Former Governor Linwood Holton said the ceremony was an endorsement of white supremacy. What are your thoughts on that?*

McSweeney: In a conversation reported to me by a friend who talked to Governor Holton after that, Governor Holton didn't read my remarks. He didn't read or listen to the remarks of the other speakers. There were two black educators who spoke as well. It was certainly not a white supremacy event by any stretch. I really don't even like to anoint Holton by answering his charge because he's a man who didn't bother to do his homework.

I commend to you the tape that the Danville organization has of that event. It was a remarkable event, and it's something that people ought to take the time to learn about. They were very thoughtful comments...by black and white speakers. And the point made by Professor Smith, the black educator from American University, was that we're not going to have true reconciliation on phony grounds. Ervin Jordan at Chapel Hill, a black historian, has just



published a book...and I'm in the process of reading it, entitled *Black Confederates and Afro-Yankees in Civil War Virginia*. History is not for the squeamish, and what the politically correct want to believe happened didn't necessarily happen. There were blacks on both sides, some who could have left and didn't, but fought for Virginia.

Southern Partisan: *They chose to defend their homes.*

McSweeney: Some who fought in my neighborhood, in the area I live in, saved Richmond when Col. Ulric Dahlgren's Union cavalry raided Richmond in February-March, 1864. But it goes beyond that, it goes to the culture we developed together, that we were part of for three or four hundred years. I'm not very tolerant of the critics that don't even bother to read history or read the meaning behind those events.

Southern Partisan: *In your speech at Danville, you spoke of the importance of tradition, particularly Virginia and Southern tradition. How should this tradition influence a Southerner's political views?*

McSweeney: It's more than an intellectual exercise. The point that no reader should miss, no one who understands the history of the South would miss, is that culture has a great deal of influence on the way people behave. Our culture accepts the central fact of history, which is that we are fallen and we are flawed. We're not perfect. And that's the difference between the culture of the South and the culture of other parts of the country. But it's also our salvation and it's the pattern of life to live and experience. It's not something you get in a library. And if we lose that, we lose the fabric. We lose what keeps the community together.

That's why we have the problems in Atlanta and other places that are akin to the problems in Los Angeles and Detroit, because the "New South" has lost some of that sense of community. In an age when illegitimacy among middle-class whites is almost as bad as that among poor whites and blacks, the answer's not money, the answer's not government programs. It's culture. And it's not simply hearkening to tradition, it's living the culture that we are taught and the pattern of life we inherited. It's a confining, but a very healthy process to keep people from acting as barbarians. But you don't do that by laws. You don't prescribe community. It's something that you inherit from the previous generation.

Southern Partisan: *Pat, thanks for your time, Godspeed and keep up the good work. ☆*

Remembering Who We Were

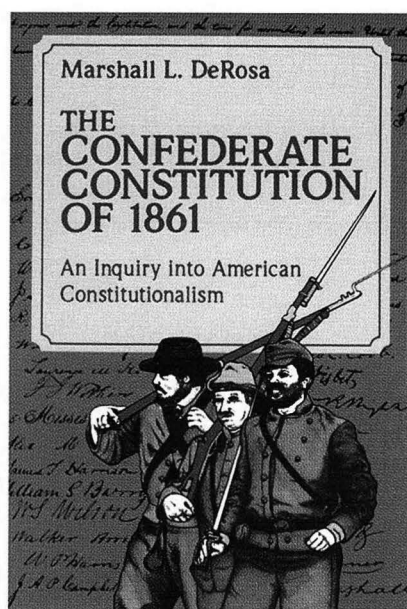
By Robert Martin Schaefer

A Review of:

The Confederate Constitution of 1861: An Inquiry into American Constitutionalism

by Marshall L. DeRosa

University of Missouri Press, 1991, 182 pages.



Let there be no doubt, my friends, Marshall DeRosa addresses a serious and important issue. He claims the struggle for American independence was renewed and, in a sense, reached a peak during the Civil War. Contrary to the superficial accounts of the causes of the War Between the States, DeRosa squarely and forcefully addresses the primary cause of The Late Unpleasantness: *constitutionalism*.

Our political liberty and economic prosperity, unsurpassed in the history of mankind until the formation of the American regime, occurred because our forefathers were guided by theo-

ry and prudence. These twofold elements are seen clearly in the U.S. Constitution, the oldest existing "experiment" in self-government.

Our forefathers learned much from Greece, Rome, Christianity, and modern political writers. And they learned well how to apply the lessons of politics that history bequeathed them. But the American founders also understood that societies are organic—"theory" or "principles" cannot simply be impressed upon a people. Prudent statesmen understand that a new government must take into account a people's tradition, religion, ability for self-rule, and economic habits.

But the experiment in republican government did not end in 1787. The current debates heard in Congress, academia, and newspapers are now all resolved in terms of the U.S. Constitution. Affirmative action, education, and states' rights are ultimately answered by the national government and, more often than not, the Supreme Court. One must naturally wonder if this is the best alternative.

DeRosa's fine book causes one to reexamine, from a new perspective, these important matters. No doubt that baseball strikes and murder trials are more appealing to the common American than a book on the

C.S.A. Constitution. But we are in danger of losing our liberty if we ignore this more important concern. We must endeavor, always, to understand our origins and articulate not only the means of government but its goals. We should, following Mel Bradford's sage advice, understand that the preservation of the Constitution requires that "we must remember how and why it was made." Unfortunately, we do not always do so.

In *The Confederate Constitution of 1861* Marshall DeRosa succinctly addresses the Bill of Rights, secession, and states' rights. His book is summed up as follows:

The Confederate framers' notion of sovereignty within a federal framework was not novel, but rather it was premised upon the eighteenth-century American Antifederalist interpretation of federalism—an interpretation antebellum Southern Democrats believed was embodied in the U.S. [Constitution]....The dispute between the North and South was over the centralization of the national government, a centralization, the Confederates maintained, wholly contrary to government "for the people."

DeRosa enlightens us by carefully considering the "fundamental issues of 1787 and 1861." He also reminds us that "the Southerners did not abandon constitutional government; to the contrary, they reaffirmed their commitment to constitutional government under the auspices of the Confederate Constitution."

Indeed, what is remarkable about the C.S.A. Constitution is its similarity to the U.S. Constitution. As DeRosa repeatedly stresses, the Confederate states attempted to fulfill, not

thwart, the intention of the 1787 document. However, it must be understood clearly that the key to understanding this issue lies in interpreting the founders' intentions. DeRosa suggests that the "Federalists were persuaded that republicanism was best served by strengthening the national government at the expense of the states' autonomy." This view is contrary to the Southern notion that "reliable popular control was contingent upon the proximity of the rulers to the ruled." This was the heart of the debate of 1787 and 1861.

Unfortunately we must accept the fact that the U.S. Constitution does, to a certain extent, allow for a certain amount of centralization at the national level. Why do we know this? Publius (author of the famed *Federalist Papers*) and the Antifederalists both agree as to the outcome of the proposed Constitution. The Antifederalist Federal Farmer, in Letter I, pointed out that the U.S. Constitution was "clearly designed to make us one consolidated government."

This point becomes vividly clear when DeRosa examines the tricky business of judicial review and the tendency of the Supreme Court to ignore or diminish the states' authority originally guaranteed by the Tenth Amendment. Since "the emerging American empire had neither the time for recalcitrant states nor the disposition to nurture their consent," it chose to prostrate the states before the mighty national government. DeRosa notes that "[t]he Federalists were working toward constructing a nationalistic political and economic empire and the Confederates toward constraining one."

What distinguishes the C.S.A. framers is their belief that states could rule themselves more justly than the federal government. Do not underestimate the importance of this theme: many of the Federalist framers did not believe

that the states could act justly.

Alexander Hamilton, in Federalist 8, unabashedly claimed that the states, driven in part by a desire for "pre-eminence," will always fight over land and economic policies. He argued that the states would soon imitate the conflicts between the European countries: "We should in a little time see established in every part of this country, the same engines of despotism, which have been the scourge of the old world." Hamilton resolved that a strong national government was needed to check the "despotic" tendencies of the states. Passions of greed and envy will be quelled—to an extent—by turning the United States into a "commercial empire."

The South clearly understood itself to be different from the industrial North. Hamilton blatantly states that the new Union would diminish the fundamental differences between the states. Although Hamilton does not admit it, commerce detaches the natural attachment citizens have for their traditions, communities, and families and redirects their attention to the business of making money.

Desire for pre-eminence, virtue, and piety is moderated and replaced with a uniformity of interest: profit. But this is precisely what concerned Thomas Jefferson and his fellow Southerners. Detachment from our communities leads to a "corruption of morals" and causes a "degeneracy...which soon eats to the heart of its laws and constitution." Obviously the Southern fondness for agrarianism is rejected by the defenders of Wall Street.

The real question then becomes whether a state could secede if it no longer believed the federal government's actions were advantageous to that state. The Southerners maintained that the U.S. Constitution was a "com-

pact" whereby one party may secede if the other party does not fulfill its obligation. The national government did not, as South Carolina claimed, protect the interests of the Southern states. According to DeRosa, this compact theory is contrary to the Federalists' belief that although the states have rights, they are not sovereign. The Southern states, following John C. Calhoun, interpreted the Constitution as implicitly giving the states the right of secession. The Northern states, following Abraham Lincoln, believed in consolidation of powers and denied the right of secession. DeRosa admits that the U.S. Constitution is "ambiguous" regarding this point.

Reflecting upon the constitutions of 1787 and 1861 can assist us in understanding the true meaning of constitutionalism and, more importantly, the limits of government. DeRosa rightly notes that "the contributions the Confederate framers made to past debates and what they have to offer regarding contemporary ones have been neglected." He stresses that state governments rule themselves more efficiently and justly than a national government, precisely because the citizens of each state are capable of controlling their legislatures. He concludes by arguing that "Limited government was the Confederate ideal, and state sovereignty was more conducive to that Southern preference than was the alternative, national sovereignty." True and proper republicanism, then, is seen more clearly in the C.S.A. Constitution than in its noble predecessor. ☆

Robert Martin Schaefer is Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of Mobile in Mobile, Alabama.

The Truth About Immigration

By Joseph Scotchie

A Review of:

*Alien Nation: Common Sense About America's
Immigration Disaster*

by Peter Brimelow

Random Books, 327 pages, 1995, \$24.95

"The first law of every society, even the condition of its gestures of generosity, is that it puts the needs of its own members ahead of the needs of outsiders."

—M.E. Bradford

No issue has divided the right with as much animosity as immigration. The fault lines reflect the cultural and regional tensions between the Old Right and the neoconservative factions. Old Right intellectuals are mostly Southern and rural Midwestern; neoconservatives of course, are headquartered in New York and Washington. Most Old Right thinkers have deep roots in the country's history; while Russell Kirk's ancestors wore Union blue, Donald Davidson's forebears fought in the Army of Tennessee. Still, Old Rightists, North and South, came together to jealously defend the nation's agrarian heritage. They also held out little hope for the urban civilization that emerged in the decades following the Civil War.

Leading neoconservatives, on the other hand, are often direct descendants of immigrants themselves and even though today's immigration is not European, they still fervently support nearly all influxes as beneficial.

The rhetoric in this debate has changed in recent months. In past years, pro-immigrant conservatives—most prominently the editorial page editors of *The Wall Street Journal*—have ripped their foes as nativist, xenophobic, un-American; people who want a "return to fortress mentality." But after Jack Kemp and William Bennett were burned by their very public opposition to California's popular Proposition 187 (which cut off many public services, including public education, to illegal immigrants), the pro-open border right has toned it down. Now they assure us that assimilation, especially through intermarriage between different ethnic groups, will take its course and as with past immigration controversies, everything will end up fine. Neoconservatives have also sought to shore up their unpopular position by swearing opposition to bilingual education, affirmative action, welfare and multiculturalism—even though they have no program to combat the latter; they will not say, for instance, that American civiliza-

tion really is an extension of Anglo-Saxon civilization or that the Revolutionary War was fought to defend liberties granted under English law. M.E. Bradford, for one, could have used this argument as a brilliant maneuver against multiculturalism, but few Washington conservatives would have listened.

Anti-immigrant forces—Peter Brimelow prefers to call them Patriots—paint an increasingly apocalyptic vision of America's future. Environmentalists worry about overpopulation. The nation's population, if it stays on current trends, will double within 50 years; with that comes more crime, more development in pastoral areas, more congestion, more pollution. Old Right traditionalists, among them Pat Buchanan and Sam Francis, have long argued that massive immigration from non-Western cultures is destroying the nation's own founding Western heritage. Immigration which radically alters the nation's population make-up only fuels the revolution of multiculturalism, in effect giving these ideologues a demographic stick to beat their foe. Former U.S. Senator Eugene McCarthy, who voted for the 1965 immigration bill, has lived to regret that legislation. He now claims that the United States is being colonized by Third World immigration.

In *Alien Nation*, Peter Brimelow comes down with the pessimists. The book takes a blunt and forthright view of this most explosive of all cultural issues; one that has the power to destroy political parties—as it did in the 19th century with the Whigs. Brimelow also makes dire predictions on the inevitable con-

sequences of unchecked immigration. Late in the book, he contends that restrictions on immigration will happen, but they may come too late to prevent already painful cultural divisions from tearing the country apart.

Immigration in America today inevitably collides head on with the race question. A theme hammered throughout the book is that a demographic revolution is taking place in America. Specifically, whites—who were 90 percent of the population as late as 1960 are, because of immigration, now 75 percent and falling fast—are experiencing these enormous changes without their approval or consent. (Brimelow also notes rising opposition among blacks to immigration; many of whom are leaving high immigrant areas such as Los Angeles for the South). Public opinion polls have shown no real support for large-scale immigration, but the body politic still refuses to act. The author then articulates a sentiment already felt by many Americans: Namely, that the country is losing control of its destiny.

Beyond that, Brimelow exposes liberal (and conservative) myths that immigration helps the economy (its effects at best are negligible; plus, look at Japan: no immigration, but a booming economy). He points out that immigrants are far more likely to go on welfare than native-born Americans. There are problems of crime (which always go up during high immigration influxes), diseases and preferential treatment policies. An illegal alien, for instance, is automatically eligible for affirmative action benefits even though he is breaking the law just by being in the country. Finally, there are the cultural wars. The connection between immigration, a demographic upheaval and the rise of multiculturalism must, by now, be evident to all sensible thinkers

on the subject. Indeed, the book is full of menacing, threatening remarks by multiculturalists all serving notice that America's days as a Western nation are numbered. Here's a representative comment attributed to Martha Farnsworth Riche, director of the Bureau of the Census, for—you guessed it—the Clinton Administration: "Without fully realizing it, we have left the time when the nonwhite, non-Western part of our population could be expected to assimilate to the dominant majority. In the future, the white Western majority will have to do some assimilation of its own."

Immigration is not an issue in most Southern states, but it has jumped to the forefront in Florida, Texas and Virginia. Florida especially has been polarized by immigration. During the Cold War years, conservatives liked the anti-communism of Cuban-Americans. However, the transformation of Miami into a mostly Spanish-speaking megalopolis has tremendously soured that state on more immigration. "In Florida, Miami is loathed," wrote Alan R. Turin in a recent issue of *Chronicles*. "Nobody wants his town to resemble Dade [County] in any way, shape or form." Floridians are so anxious about increased migration that they—alone among all Americans—supported a military invasion of Haiti last year just to stop the flow of refugees. Like we said, it's an emotional issue.

If there is one region of this country steeped in a tradition that goes back to the nation's founding, it is the South. But Southern culture did not develop overnight. The South was biracial, but not multicultural. There was an honored, time-tested Anglo-Saxon culture to shape its politics, religion, law, language, literature, its manners, morals and codes of conduct. Outsiders, of course, can be part of that tradition (Mark Malvasi, "Southern

With an Italian Accent," *Southern Partisan*, Fourth Quarter 1994), but the cult of open borders is simply suicidal for a traditional society. With such massive numbers of people pouring into a city or region, there is no time (or desire) to assimilate. Open borders is basically an economic ideology; it assumes that non-materialistic, traditional cultures are out-dated and not worth saving. On this issue, Southerners can consult their founding fathers. George Washington was at best, lukewarm about the whole idea. "[Except] of useful mechanics and some particular descriptions of men or professions there is no need of encouragement," he remarked. New South orator Henry Grady sounded positively conservative (that is, Old Right conservative) on the same subject. Speaking to a Georgia audience in 1895, Grady, according to a passage in Richard Weaver's *The Southern Tradition at Bay*, advised Southerners "not to seek immigrants who would bring in heresies and discordant ideals." And Thomas Jefferson, writing in 1787, warned that "the addition of half a million foreigners" would result in a nation "more turbulent, less happy [and] less strong." Prophetic stuff. But men of Washington and Jefferson's age spoke with a candor unknown to our times.

Debates between op-ed page scribblers aside, Brimelow and his allies have decisively won the battle for public opinion. No one doubts how a similar Proposition 187 would fare in Florida, Texas or Virginia. Governors of those states know how popular that measure is; they would probably fight to keep it off the ballot. Recent polls reveal that up to 67 percent of Americans feel that more immigration is now only a "threat to American culture."

Continued on page 54...

Justice Thomas and the Nature of the Union

By William J. Watkins, Jr.

“Would it be strange, in a broad view of history, that the North...should realize that the South has abandoned the contest of the last four years, merely to resume it in a wider arena, and on a larger issue, and in a change of circumstances wherein may be asserted the profit of experience, and raised a new standard of Hope!”

—E.A. Pollard in *The Lost Cause*

It is doubtful that the people of the South put much stake into the words of E.A. Pollard when they were written in 1866. It is easy to belittle them as nothing more than rhetoric. Had not the Northern victory settled the character of the union once and for all? How could a conquered nation that lost one in every four men of military age and two-thirds of its wealth ever expect to pursue the conflict in a wider arena? Did not Thaddeus Stevens and his cohorts seek to modify the Constitution “so as to secure perpetual ascendancy to the party of the Union?” How anyone could see a light at the end of the tunnel with the terrors of Reconstruction just

beginning is a mystery.

Nevertheless, in light of a recent battle of the Supreme Court, Pollard’s words now seem prophetic. On Tuesday, May 23, 1995, the Court came within one vote of vindicating the Confederates’ view of the Constitution. Writing for the four dissenting justices in the *U.S. Term Limits v. Thornton*, Justice Clarence Thomas declared: “The ultimate source of the Constitution’s authority is the consent of the people of each individual state, not the consent of the undifferentiated people of the nation as a whole...The Constitution simply does not recognize any mechanism for action by the undifferentiated people of the Nation.”

When one examines the words of Justice Thomas it is obvious that he has read the works of the intellectual father of the Confederate States of America, John C. Calhoun. In 1832, while struggling against the innovations of Jacksonian Democracy, Calhoun wrote: “So far from the Constitution being the work of the American people collectively, no such political body, either now, or ever did exist...[T]he Constitution is the work of the people of the States, considered as separate and independent political communities...”

The *New York Times* was noticeably vexed and nervously pointed out that Justice Thomas’s dissenting opinion almost “deposed the Federal Government from its primary role in the constitutional system and resurrected the states as the authentic organs of democratic government.”

The 5 to 4 decision in *U.S.*

Term Limits v. Thornton upheld a 1994 ruling by the Arkansas Supreme Court that the state’s term limits provisions were unconstitutional. The High Court’s decision effectively voids term limits provisions in 23 states. The legal issue before the Court was whether or not the age, citizenship, and residency requirements for members of Congress listed in the Constitution are the only standards that may be imposed. But in the end the true question surrounded the nature of the federal union.

The Clinton Administration and the majority of the five justices argued that the power of the states to add qualifications for their members of Congress could not be reserved under the Truth Amendment because it was never part of the states’ original powers. By making such an assertion the Administration and the majority played semantic games as they pulled no punches to maintain the unnatural ascendancy of the federal government.

The opinion of the majority was nothing but a restatement of the principles of Jacksonian Democracy with little appeal to historical or legal precedent. It was with Andrew Jackson, the first popularly elected president, that credence was put in the idea that the United States was a single nation with the people as masters rather than a compact between states. This attitude served to increase the rift between North and South that eventually led to war.

Justice Stevens, writing for the majority, proclaimed that term limits provisions violated the

principle that "the people should choose whom they please to govern them..." Permitting individual states to formulate diverse qualifications for their representatives would result in a patchwork of state qualifications, undermining the uniformity and the national character that the framers envisioned and sought to ensure..."

When referring to the framers, Stevens confused James Madison and his colleagues with the founder of unlimited government, Abraham Lincoln. Stevens went on to quote the Gettysburg Address that ours is a "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

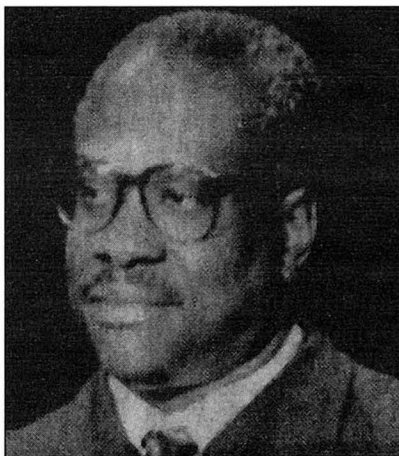
In response Justice Thomas followed the strict constructionalist doctrine of Jefferson and Calhoun and declared: "Nothing in the Constitution deprives the people of each state of the power to prescribe eligibility requirements for the candidates who seek to represent them in Congress. The Constitution is simply silent on this question. And where the Constitution is silent, it raises no bar to action by the states or the people."

The exchange between Justice Thomas and Stevens easily could have been that between John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster in 1833 when the Force Bill was debated on the floor of the Senate. In November of 1832 South Carolina nullified the tariff acts of 1828 and 1832, which as protective measures were unconstitutional. Since the federal government is only empowered to levy tariffs to meet its legitimate expenses, measures that seek to protect or penalize a particular industry or section are alien to the Constitution. And penalize was exactly what the tariff did to the people of the South who depended on imported manufactured goods from abroad in exchange for their agricultural staples sold on the world market.

The Force Bill was essentially an act of war against South Car-

olina as President Jackson prepared to send federal troops in to collect the tariff revenue and preserve his view of the union. Until this point in American history no sane statesman entertained the idea that the federal government could use force on a sovereign state. However, it was now the Age of Jackson and "the people." The central issue of the matter, in the words of Calhoun, was "whether ours is a federal or consolidated government...the controversy is one between power and liberty."

Daniel Webster replied that the United States was one consol-



idated government. Webster asserted that the Constitution was not a compact between sovereign states, but a national instrument. According to Webster it was the work of the people and acted solely upon individuals. He even went so far as to say the states couldn't touch the Constitution.

The great intellect of Calhoun fired back. Did not the Constitution itself provide that it could be amended or abolished by three-fourths of the states acting in concert? Calhoun shocked the senator from Massachusetts as he read from that state's own ratification of "the compact." Only those totally bereft of reason could ignore Calhoun and argue that the United States was not a compact between sovereign states in light of such evidence.

Fortunately war was averted as a compromise bill passed the Senate that lowered tariff duties. However, the question of the nature of the federal union was not settled. It was again debated as the South seceded from an increasingly hostile union in 1861. Though Negro slavery is often designated as the cause of the war by consolidationists and reconstructed Southerners alike, the hostilities that almost resulted from the Force Bill as well as the present debate in the Supreme Court of the United States prove otherwise.

The cause of the war, in the words of Confederate Vice President Alexander Stephens, "was the assumption on the part of the federal authorities, that the people of the United States were... citizens of the United States, and owed allegiance to the Federal Government, as the absolute sovereign power over the whole country, consolidated into one nation."

The nature of the union was and remains a critical issue in the life of the Republic. The battles on the fields of Manassas and Cold Harbour have simply moved to wider areas as E.A. Pollard predicted 130 years ago. Though the South came up one vote short of vindicating her view of the Constitution in U.S. Term Limits, the retirement of one justice could remedy the situation.

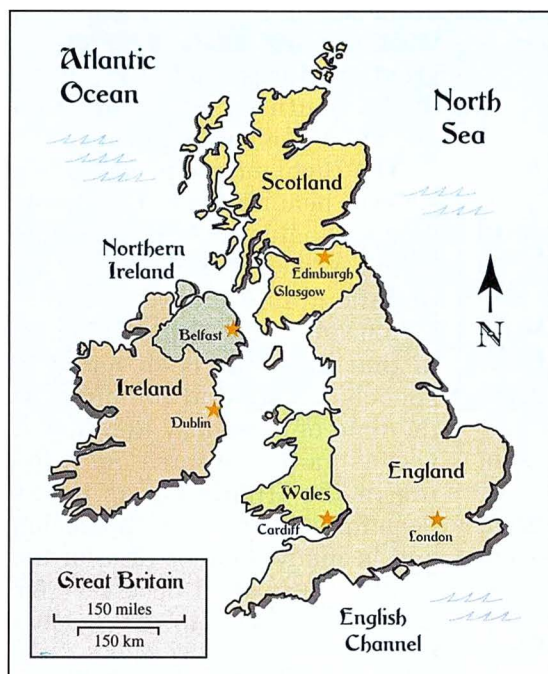
That we could come so close to seeing our view of the federal compact triumphant 131 years after the surrender at Appomattox ought to hearten all Southerners and friends of constitutional government. The cause that the men in butternut fought for was a just one whose decision is not yet final. Only by the intelligent use of time, experience, and the history of the federal compact, will we see the tables completely turned. ☆

William J. Watkins is an editor of The Freeman magazine.

The Scottish-Southern Connection

PART II

By Steve DuRocher



I had heard of it for years. The Grand Ole Opry. My grandmother would tell me stories of how “grand” it was. Not completely understanding that what she was describing was somewhat different than the operas of Berlin, Rome or Venice, I asked if it had a fat lady singing at the end. “No honey,” she said, chuckling at the innocence of my naivete. “The Grand Ole Opry in Nashville is where all the great country and western music stars like Hank Williams, Porter Wagoner and Loretta Lynn, dressed in all their finest, gather round to play their songs for people in a theater.” At that time I couldn’t understand why someone would go to a “theater” and watch a

bunch of folks picking guitars and singing when there was a perfectly good picture show to see in there. Besides, if I felt the need to watch guitar picking and singing, I’d go down to the football stadium to see the Beatles, Guess Who, the Animals or the 1910 Fruitgum Company play some real music.

Little did I know at the time that as my primary years blossomed into adolescence my appreciation for the arts would expand to such horizons. I began to love the paintings of Rembrandt, Van Gogh and

Monet, carved statues by Michelangelo and Da Vinci, the architectural masterpieces in Europe built hundreds of years ago, and I began to actually *like* the music of Hank, No Show George, Waylon, Willie and the Boys, Skeeter, Tammy and others.

My profession in the U.S. Merchant Marine Industry provides a great opportunity for me to travel to all the admired, historical and beautiful countries of the world. Sometimes there is a choice of which country I might want to see. My arrival to the port of call avails the art galleries, museums, theaters and even operas there to deepen and reinforce the knowledge of the professions, art and culture of

other people, including the “great masters” of a particular trade or craft. This last time I figured it was time to see just how green the grass was over there in Scotland.

About three days after turning loose the lines from the dock, a few of my shipmates started talking about their expectations of pillaging and plundering, in particular the Grand Ole Opry. My face instantly flushed and my brow began to sweat as my mind computed the possibility that I had signed onto the wrong ship. “I’m not supposed to be going to Nashville,” I said, my voice straining between a whine and a whisper. Then once again, emulating my grandmother some years ago, the Grand Ole Opry was explained, but this one was on the other side of the pond.

It was Thursday night, and after paying the admittance fee my shipmate Anthony and I entered the big double doors of what was the Imperial Theater back in the ’50s. We gazed at the narrow tables in between rows of cushioned chairs that were placed perpendicular to the stage. These chairs, resembling incredibly long sofas, surrounded a large wooden dance floor. In addition to the sofas, there were enough tables and chairs along the walls to facilitate an expeditionary force of J.E.B. Stuart’s Calvary Command.

It was 7 p.m., and I was thinking that maybe it was way too early for the festivities to begin. That was when I noticed a little, old, rather short fellow (who was not only round at the middle but round and shiny on top) sprinkling dancing dust on the deck. By 7:30 p.m., there was standing room only. In the great

style of Scottish exuberance, this man welcomed me to Glasgow's Grand Ole Opry. His name was Doc. Doc Holiday. We talked for a while in between sips of the product produced from boiling, separating and combining various kinds of seeds, weeds and grasses, and I learned the history and policies of the establishment. I learned that the profits from the Grand Ole Opry go to a different charity each month. I also found out that Doc was one of the founders of the opry and is in charge of the "Committee," which includes such notables as Josey Wales, Carlton Kid, Johnny Ringo, Hoss, Johnny Reb, Belle Star, Calamity Jane and Belle Boyd.

Now, the Committee has several jobs, the first one being to "bounce" those who don't feel it necessary to abide by the rules of honorable conduct. However, I never witnessed a need for their expertise while I was there. The Opry's customers were such warm, friendly and lovely people that the Committee had to incorporate a little quickdraw gun-fighting exhibition into their agenda for entertainment when the band was on break. Those in the Committee seemed to have quick access to the Colts hanging low on their hips and strapped to their legs. Their outfits were complete with riding boots, chaps, vests, hats and sometimes spurs.

Like a good barbeque restaurant, the Opry is only open Thursday through Sunday. The stage is surrounded with Confederate Battle Flags, and most every hat, jacket and vest worn inside is adorned with some symbol of Southern independence. There is a different band every night, proving there is no shortage of talent for or love of C & W. A blind man could show up to hear Rhodes County and believe he was listening to Waylon and Jerry Jeff. If you are sitting down when the Dez Walters

Band starts, you won't be for long as you'll be tapping both feet and clapping hands before he's finished. And if you can't line dance with Ma Barker when Billy Ray is played, you had better step aside.

Occasionally, a surprise guest will show up out of the blue. Doc still talks about the performance of George Hamilton III and IV, and it is fully expected that one day soon that new kid, Aaron Tippin, will stop in and strum a few chords with the show.

Toward midnight the Committee prepared for their last official duty of the night: closing ceremonies. The Confederate Battle Flag was presented, open to the floor, with a member holding each of the four corners and one member standing close by. They were immediately surrounded by the rest of the Committee, who were encircled by as many patrons as could fit on the floor. They held hands and guarded the flag as the band started to play Elvis' "Trilogy." When the first few bars of "Dixie" were played, Anthony and I turned loose a resounding rebel yell before the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" bled into it. As the tune began to give way to "Hush Little Baby Don't You Cry," the Committee members holding the four corners of the flag began to fold it and then placed it in the hat of the member standing by. Then, while most of the other members fell to one knee and bowed their heads, the "stand-by" member offered the flag to the Lord above for the protection and preservation of its honor, cause and symbolism, as the remaining members fired a volley overhead.

After the closing ceremony and salute, Anthony and I were called down for what to some was our rude, crude and irreverent behavior toward the flag and "Dixie." (They haven't yet learned that the only honor higher than playing or listening

to "Dixie" is to stand up and express one's love and devotion to the principles for which it stands and to accompany the band with a good, hearty rebel yell).

At the same time, those that chastised us had no idea that the words to the "Battle Hymn" of the North were written by an atheist to encourage Christians from the North to deem the Southern people as savages by Divine decree, that we were and are the vintage grapes that will be trampled down by the justice of His terrible swift sword. How disgustingly vile it is to our senses that the Battle Hymn should interrupt the Southern national anthem and the message it ferries.

When I get home in a couple of months and see people and friends not seen in a while, they are going to ask where I've been. With great pride, I will exclaim "the Grand Ole Opry," at which point they'll say something like, "Yeah? You know, I've been meaning to get to Nashville myself." That will be my cue to shake my head and say, "Nashville? Son, I'm talking Glasgow, Scotland," and with my best grace of movement make my way to the bar and say, "Bartender, whiskey if you please, Scotch whiskey," and reminisce.

Hank, Marty, Conway, Patsy and all the rest. Reports of their demise have been greatly exaggerated. They're on the other side of the pond. Hank is still king, his portrait hangs on stage, and he would be proud.

Glasgow's Grand Ole Opry: Where the love, respect and spirit of the South still lives, and the people still laugh refreshingly. ☆

Steve DuRocher serves in the U.S. Merchant Marine industry and hails from Biloxi, Mississippi.

CRITICUS *Essay*

Chechen Deja Vu

by Alphonse Vinh

One of the most frightful moral casualties of the twentieth century's commitment to the principles of Total War has been our societal conscience. We do not flinch when Russians bomb Chechen civilians in Grizny and Serbs rocket apartment buildings in Sarajevo filled with women and children. More people have been murdered, killed and exterminated in this convulsive century than in any other preceding age. We now have the shameful spectacle of a draft-dodging President of the United States snubbing our Western allies at the recent V-E celebrations in London in order to hasten to Moscow and stand by the side of Russian President Boris Yeltsin at his celebration of the Soviet Red Army's victories in Eastern Europe against the Hitlerites. It was good that the Red Army helped the West defeat Nazi Germany. It was utterly tragic how the Red Army followed upon their World War II victories with the military conquest of the peoples of Eastern Europe. It is emphatically shameful how the United States acquiesced in this tyranny.

The great Russian scientist and human rights activist, Andrei Sakharov's noble principle was that "every ethnic group should be granted unconditional right to self-rule and self-determination..." That resonates somehow with any one at all familiar with mid-19th century American history. Recently, U.S. State Department officials justified Russia's military invasion of Chechnya by referring to our own War Between the States. These able representatives of American foreign policy said that since U.S. Presi-

dent Abraham Lincoln used military force against the seceded Southern states to keep them within a Northern controlled Union, Americans had no right to dictate the Russian government how to handle their "internal affairs."

It reminds me that in 1861 European public opinion was decidedly sympathetic to the Confederate cause and many people throughout the civilised world thought their respective governments should not only recognise but even render full military and economic assistance to the Southern states defending their population and region from Federal invasion. France was all ready to send troops to Virginia as it had done during the First American War of Independence, but was waiting for Queen Victoria's government to lead the way. Minister of the Exchequer, William Gladstone, the pillar of English Liberalism, thought that Her Majesty's Government would soon welcome the Confederate States of America into the family of nations. Alas, this was the South's "glittering illusion." Several major Southern

military setbacks and adroit political and diplomatic manoeuvring on the part of Lincoln's government prevented the inevitable from occurring. Like Chechnya, the Southern states defended themselves from a powerful invader unaided.

The politically correct Yankee version of the South's declaration of independence was slavery. One contemporary Russian emigre author writes: "The South fought to preserve it while the North fought to abolish it, that is, for freedom, equality and human dignity." This gentleman learned his U.S. history in the mind-shackled classrooms of the old Soviet Union. Apparently, the Soviet armies fought for "freedom, equality and human dignity" when they conquered the Baltic states, Romania, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Poland. It is apparent that Russian school children studied the same American history textbooks used by U.S. school teachers, translated into Russian of course.

The most recent former vassals of the Soviet Empire to fight against their Russian masters for their freedom and the right to



self-determination are the fiercely independent Chechens. Moreover, unlike what school children might have learned in Soviet and U.S. history classes, the South fought for the very same principles that their modern day confreres, the Chechens, are in the midst of doing, that is to say, to be free of the yolk of a strong, centralised government which governs without their people's consent, and to determine their own sovereignty.

During the War for Southern Independence, England and France sympathised with the Confederacy whilst, ironically enough, the Russian Empire supported the North. Nations in the habit of invading other nations seem to understand one another. As the diplomatic French say, "Plus ça change, plus c'est le meme."

General Pavel Grachev, Russia's Defence Minister, declared that his country would not accept peace negotiations with the Chechen rebels and that furthermore, Moscow would only accept the Chechen Resistance's unconditional surrender.

President Jefferson Davis' first act as head of the Southern Confederacy was to send a peace commission to Washington to negotiate a peaceful settlement. Mr. Lincoln refused to see the peace delegation and treated them with great discourtesy. Just as with Moscow, Washington was willing to settle peacefully with resistance to its monopoly on power that its opponents surrender unconditionally to its terms. No doubt, these imperial regimes think they are just being fair-minded.

In 1861, New York City Mayor Fernando Wood was so outraged by the belligerent actions of the federal government in the gathering crisis, that he proposed the secession of New York City from the Union. In his address to the city, Mayor Wood announced: "[The Union] cannot be preserved

by coercion or held together by force. A resort to this last dreadful alterations would of itself destroy not only the government but the lives and property of the people...With our aggrieved brethren of the [Southern] states we have friendly relations and a common sympathy. We have not participated in the warfare upon their constitutional rights on their domestic institutions..."

Boris Yeltsin, not to say Abraham Lincoln, should have listened carefully to departing U.S. President James Buchanan's final annual message to Congress on December 3, 1860. President Buchanan declared: "Has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a state into submission which is attempting to withdraw or has actually withdrawn from the Confederacy? ...After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress or to any other department of the federal government."

The outgunned and outmatched Chechens fighting desperately to defend their homeland from Russian tanks bring into mind the hundreds of thousands of non-slaveholding Southerners who fought in the Confederate Army to defend their families, their communities, and their homes from a ruthless enemy who waged the first industrial Total War in the Western World.

Small, non-slaveholding Southern farmers did not fight so hard and so long only to prolong the South's antiquated chattel system which was already on its way out. Indeed many large slaveholders were ardent Unionists, believing that slavery was better protected under the then existing Union. But with the advancing economic and demographic might of the North, the Federal Government was coerced into becoming an instrument of the manufacturing interests of the Northeast and the agricultural and railroad interests

of the West. The interests and economic needs of the South meant next to nothing with this New World Order.

My country, Virginia, seceded on April 17, 1861, because she would not be a party to the illegal and criminal invasion of her sister states by the U.S. government. A great and noble man like Robert E. Lee (who freed his slaves during the War) turned down command of Lincoln's invading army to defend his native state. Even the incumbent commander-in-chief of the U.S. Army at the time, the redoubtable Winfield Scott, wrote in a letter to U.S. Secretary of War, William Seward, "Say to the seceded states, wayward sisters, depart in peace."

Like the Chechens, who have emphatically stated that they are of no threat to Moscow nor do they intend to launch a massive invasion of Russia (nor are they likely to), the South's sentiments were expressed in Jefferson Davis' inaugural address, "All we ask is to be let alone."

It ought never to be forgotten that the North waged the first Total War in the civilised world. What was wrought by Union armies in the South-ravaged countryside, burned cities, looted homes reduced to cinders, and an abused and violated refugee population of civilians—was regarded by the nineteenth century as sheer barbarity. It is now part of modern military strategy in armies throughout the world.

When Jefferson Davis was approached by a Southern inventor with explosive bombs which could be planted by Confederate commandos in the fuel yards of Federal naval stations, the Southern president was outraged. He said that potential military operation would be "an unjustifiable mode of warfare."

At a banquet in 1870 given by

Continued on page 54...

BOOK NOTES

Country Music: 70 Years of America's Favorite Music

by Bob Millard

Harper Perennial, 1993, 328 pages, \$20.00.

Radio WSB, Atlanta, the South's first radio station, began airing hillbilly fiddler John Carson and his four piece band and such concoctions by them as "The Little Log Cabin in the Lane" and "The Old Hen Cackled and the Rooster's Going to Crow" the year it broadcast its originating signals (1922). That same year Eck Robertson and Henry Gilliland, after performing at the Confederate Veteran's Convention in Virginia, went to New York City on a lark, and appeared unannounced and dressed in a rebel uniform and in cowboy garb in the lobby of Victor Records. Victor's recording of these "old-time fiddlers" is said to have been the first "hillbilly" session of the commercial country music era."

Mallard chronicles personalities, events, "milestones" and most important records, served with a photographic dose of artists and instruments, 1921-1992. If one wants to know what happened in "country" music in 1939, for example, he can learn that this was the year that Zeke Clements and the Bronco Busters, as well as Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys, joined the "Grand Ole Opry;" that Red Foley, co-starring with Red Skelton on "Avalon Time," became the first "country" star to have his own national radio network program; and, that Gene Autry's "Melody Ranch" program began an 18-year run on CBS.

Country Music is full of stuff of this genre right down to the last

page wherein information is given that Kathy Matea and some joker became the first of the "country" artists "to take a public stand" on the "AIDS issue." I cannot tell whether this "issue" revolves around some supposed civil right, some public policy, or perhaps some artificially created laboratory combination of sheep and bovine retorvirus produced and spread by the World Health Organization, but it is documented that this "public stand" was taken the same year as the deaths of "arguably the most visible and influential individual in country music history" (Roy Acuff) and of the "last of the red hot '50s recording stars" (Conway Twitty).

Country Music, which is an wholly nonanalytical chronological nomenclature, is probably an indispensable authoritative reference for persons who play "country music" trivia. However, I was unable to find answers to the pertinent questions of most curiosity to me, namely, when did the euphemism "country and western" supersede hillbilly, and what artist(s), if any, wrote and/or recorded "Drop Kick Me Jesus Through the Goal Posts of Heaven." Also, I found no mention or picture of Emmylou Harris.

-Tommy W. Rogers

Movie Theaters of Charleston: Hollywood Meets the Holy City

by John R. Coles.

Graphic Data Services (P.O. Box 1945, Mt. Pleasant, SC 29465), 1995, \$14.95.

In *Movie Theaters of Charleston: Hollywood Meets the Holy City*, John R. Coles identifies

John T. Ford as the original manager of the Academy of Music, the city's leading theater, in 1869. Coles describes him as a Washington and Baltimore theater veteran, but doesn't catch the probable connection between this man and the John T. Ford who owned Washington's infamous Ford's New Theater. If they weren't one and the same, then surely they were related. He may have been long gone by the Charleston premier of *The Birth of a Nation* in January, 1916, but this still gives a resonance no other opening could have had.

The Academy was mainly a play and vaudeville house by then. It only began to show movies in 1908 as a stop gap measure when the stage season ended. This venerable theater held out until 1939 when it was demolished to make way for the Riviera.

Coles makes no mention of peepshow machines that must have been around in the nineties and beyond.

Movies themselves first came to town with an 1897 park showing of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. For the next ten years, they only turned up now and then.

1902's *A Trip to the Moon* and 1903's *The Great Train Robbery* were shown at the YMCA by a traveling exhibitor in 1905. If that was a regular venue in these early days, this might have helped establish a legitimacy that movies generally lack elsewhere. In years to come, Charleston screens seem to have avoided the conflicts with churches others had elsewhere.

Coles credits George Brantley as Charleston's first full-time exhibitor. He opened the Theatorium in 1907. Three other nick-

elodeons opened by year's end. Considering that Charleston was one of the South's leading cities, all this is fairly late.

The next year, a sound experiment played the *Wonderland*. In 1909, it got what Coles describes as an organ. More likely, it was some sort of hybrid that turned up in theaters until Wurlitzer took off a few years later.

At first, the unspoken rules of decorum dictated that only men could attend. That ended during the 1907 George Washington's Birthday parade when four young ladies joined arms and charged into the Theatorium. The day's fare and whether they paid or not has been lost in the mists of time.

Despite the book's subtitle, Coles hardly covers the relationship between the movies and the clergy. When Brantley first signed the lease for his storefront, the realtor tried to grab the signed contract when he learned what was coming. After he opened, the police chief regularly came by to see personally if the latest novelty had closed by ten. For years, there were no Sunday shows.

Such official and unofficial cocked eyebrows seem to have been so common that in 1913 one theater announced that it abided by the standards of the American Medical Association!

Soon competition became so intense that the exhibitors agreed to a truce and formed Pastime Amusement. Sicilian immigrant James Sottile, whose family would dominate the city's theaters for decades, was president. This alliance worked so well that the era's major theater chains never became a factor in Charleston. The casual reader of this local history might find such intrigue esoteric, but it might have been quite a story.

Albert Sottile married well and was very active in community life. As an establishment figure, this must have helped fore-

stall anti-screen campaigns. When one preacher tried to start the only one mentioned, the mayor himself personally defended movies.

Charleston's theaters had their ups and downs during the movies heyday. Virtually all the theaters covered are no longer cinemas. Of the major theaters, the Riviera and the Gloria have been saved as multi-use facilities. The Spoleto Festival's yearly need of live venues have made their preservation practical.

What sums up the book is George Meyer, the King Street Walker, so named because of his regular walk to check Pastime's operations, mainly on King Street. It's a snapshot of the typical old time exhibitor and the respectable image he had to project to gain the acceptance of Main Street America that has always been suspicious of show folk. In effect, he replaced that police chief who made sure the Theatorium was closed by ten.

—Norman Stewart

**An Untutored Genius:
The Military Career of General
Nathan Bedford Forrest**

by *Lonnie E. Maness*

Guild Bindery Press, (100
Buchard Street, Martin, TN
38237), 425 pages, 1990, \$26.95)

The War for Southern Independence was full of "iffens" which may well have altered the ultimate outcome—iffen directions had been more clearly understood or carried out at Gettysburg, iffen Lee could have retained the services of Thomas J. Jackson, iffen the voices of better men for the job at hand than Hood and Bragg at particular times had been heard, and, not the last of the iffens, iffen "the Wizard of the Saddle" Nathan Bedford Forrest had been more effectively heard and utilized. Although Sherman lived luxuriously off the Southern

cornfields and potato patches, he "might well have been singing a different tune if Forrest had been turned loose in Middle Tennessee at a much earlier date before Atlanta fell and with, say, 12,000 troopers..."

Alphonse Vinh's review of Andrew Lytle's *Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company* (Southern Partisan, Fourth Quarter 1994) mitigates necessity for any extended treatment or reiteration of the character, traits, and accomplishments of the man whose deep penetrations behind enemy lines marked "the dawn of lightning warfare, a type of warfare that was used on a large scale and with great success during World War II." Let it be said, however, that Dr. Maness has provided a solid scholarly work which is substantive, well-researched, attractively printed on good paper and sturdily bound, and which is an immensely interesting good read on one of the War's truly great generals. It is a baseline work for any person seriously interested in the man or career of Forrest.

I don't know if it remains so today, but in the 1950s the white people of Gadsden, Alabama sent their children to Emma Sanson High School. It was the campaign against Abel D. Streight and in the vicinity of Gadsden that Forrest approached "a simple dog-run farmhouse...It belonged to the widow Sanson who lived there with her two daughters. Their chief means of support had been an older brother who joined the Confederate army in 1861... They owned no slaves as was true of at least one half of all Southern families. They weren't fighting for the cause of slavery, but for what they believed was the right of the South to live as it wished..." Emma, then sixteen years of age, volunteering to show Forrest where his men could cross Black Creek, climbed on the horse behind him. "Forrest told her mother that she was

going to show him a ford where he could cross his men and catch Streight before he could get to Rome, Georgia. 'Do not be uneasy,' Forrest told Mrs. Sanson, 'for I will bring her back safe.' Emma guided Forrest to the ford ...a detachment of Streight's men ...began firing at them, with Forrest getting between them and Emma and stating: 'I am glad to have you for a pilot, but I am not going to make breastworks of you.'" The fortuitous information Emma Sanson provided Forrest gained the Confederates several hours in their chase of Streight.

It was when Forrest and Streight met to discuss surrender that Forrest kept his only two pieces of artillery circling a ridge, so that Streight exclaimed, "Name of God! How many guns have you got? There's fifteen I've counted already." Forrest replied: 'I reckon that's all that has kept up. I have enough to destroy your command in thirty minutes'" The bag of surrendered federal prisoners for the day was somewhat fewer than 1,700. Maness suggests that if Forrest had been given command of the Army of Tennessee after his capture of Streight in 1863, Southern independence could have resulted from the differential manner in which the war would have been fought in the West.

For discussion of the minor glitches in Dr. Maness' excellent book, reference is made to the knowledgeable review by Cornelia and Jac Weller in the Autumn 1991 *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society*. Struggling unsuccessfully to describe the vividness of the account of campaigns which almost makes the reader an existential compatriot, Fort Donelson through Munfordville, the West Tennessee campaigns, Chickamauga, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Memphis, operations in north Alabama, I yield to the Weller's observation that "Maness handles each raid like a

sportswriter summarizing games in a successful season."

Forrest, who compels the respect of good men everywhere, is a man whom Maness clearly respects, but his book about the man and the soldier who gave Sherman hell is anything but uncritical sciolism. Dr. Maness' research and careful scrutiny of the more controversial aspects of Forrest's character and career is especially valuable.

There is a wide gulf among historians as to what took place at Fort Pillow, April 12, 1864, when Forrest's troops captured that "nest of outlaws" garrisoned primarily by Confederate deserters and black troops who were guilty of numerous outrages on the persons and property of non-combatants. True enough that Forrest was determined to do something about this discredit to civilization in West Tennessee. That aside, after meticulously working through "a veritable mass of evidence on both sides," Maness reports that he is "compelled to conclude that...there was no 'massacre' of large numbers of troops who were unresisting and defenseless." The Weller's are of the opinion that Dr. Maness' "fair and just treatment of the Fort Pillow incident prevented serious consideration of his book by any national publishing house." Even so, there would seem to be no excuse for such a significant and important exercise of the historian's craft as Dr. Maness has produced not to have been eagerly issued by a university press.

—Tommy W. Rogers

Susannah

by Carlisle Floyd

Orchestre de l'Opera de L Yon, Virgin, 2 CD's, 1994, \$31.94.

A contemporary Southern opera by a composer from the South whose musical vocabulary

is accessible and which has been performed widely in this country and abroad to enthusiastic audiences—this is a rare treat indeed!

Carlisle Floyd was born in 1926 and comes from Latta, S.C. He was an unknown 28-year-old composer when he wrote the opera in 1955, basing the plot loosely on the Biblical tale of the Apocryphal book *Susannah and The Elders* and transferring the story with some modifications to an early 20th century Tennessee mountain community. The opera opens showing Susannah Polk, an attractive young girl attending a square dance. Her appearance is commented upon unfavorably by Mrs. McLean. Shortly thereafter the Rev. Olin Blitch, a traveling preacher, arrives to conduct a revival service. He is told of Susannah in whom he shows an interest. Later at Susannah's home Bat McLean, scorned by the community, visits Susannah who wishes she could leave home.

The next morning Susannah bathes in a creek near her home. She is seen by four church elders who are searching for a pool for a communal baptism. Their lust is aroused but they can't confront it and instead they denounce her to the rest of the community as shameless and wicked. Susannah turns to her brother Sam for comfort when she discovers people are talking about her. Eventually, she goes to the revival where she is urged to confess her sins but she runs out of the church in confusion. Later Blitch visits Susannah who protests her innocence. Blitch feels sorry for her but his sympathy soon turns to physical passion. Afterwards realizing that he too has sinned in seducing Susannah, Blitch returns to the church where he in futility attempts to convince the Elders of Susannah's innocence.

In the final scene Sam returns home from hunting to find that Blitch has seduced his sister. Infuriated, Sam runs to the creek where Blitch is baptizing and

kills him. The villagers come to Susannah's home and threaten her but she takes up a shotgun and drives them off. Bat McLean, having observed all these proceedings, is cajoled into embracing Susannah but she slaps him and he runs off. The opera ends with Susannah standing alone in front of her house.

As the reader will note, this is an opera with a very "Southern" plot and ambience. The story has a familiar ring and the music with its mixture of folk-like melodies combined with the panache of the Broadway musical makes a broad and immediate appeal. The singers are all top drawer and the recording, made in the presence of the composer, is first rate and makes the best possible case for the work. Go out to your local record store and buy this recording if you can. It's worth the price.

—Charles S. Hamel

Co. Aytch

by Bob Funk

Funk & Trimm (PO Box 191, Parrish, AL 35580), 75 minutes, 1994, \$24.95.

To his commanders, Sam Watkins of the First Tennessee Volunteers was one of 850,000 Confederate soldiers, promoted to corporal for capturing an enemy flag. But we know him as the author of *Co. Aytch* (Company H), the best known memoir of the average Southern infantryman.

In *Co. Aytch*, the video, Bob Funk brings Davis' recollections to life. Before a live audience in a period meetinghouse, Funk as Davis celebrates Confederate victory and mourns over the ones that got away. Not one to mince words, Davis explains very clearly what the man in the field thought of Braxton Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and John

Bell Hood.

For those in the modern day trenches in the struggle for Southern heritage, this video would be a wise investment. No one makes the case for the honor of the Confederate soldier better than the soldier himself.

But should you invest the \$25, don't let that keep you from seeing Bob Funk in person. Funk's performance is moving on tape, live he is nothing short of superb. He presents Watkins with intense feeling and an obvious respect for his subject not readily found in the era of Ken Burns and Ted Turner.

—Oran P. Smith

The Chronological Tracking of the American Civil War

by Ronald A. Mosocco

James River Publications, 1994, 392 pages, \$34.95.

Choose a War date at random. What happened on July 29, 1862?

If you have Ronald Mosocco's *Chronological Tracking*, you know exactly what happened. Belle Boyd was arrested near

Warrenton, Virginia, and BG John Logan's troops were routed by Confederate cavalry near Denmark, Tennessee. You also know that the day before, Richard Taylor was appointed Major General. Still not satisfied? Refer to the appendix of the book, where you find how Taylor fit into the command structure of the Confederate Army and see a map of his command.

Though usually thought of as a reference book, reading every page of *Chronological Tracking* would not be an unpleasant task. The type is legible and the presentation interesting. The book is not perfect. It doesn't have an index, and the charts of organization of the armies are incomplete, but the book is as reliable as its source: the 128-volume *Official Records*.

Give a copy to your local library. Or cuddle up with a copy yourself. You will learn much and should be finished by fall!

—Oran P. Smith

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—Webb Garrison in the introduction to *Civil War Trivia*

- 1: On January 19, 1862, what nearsighted former congressman and newspaper editor was killed at Mill Springs, Kentucky, his first and only battle?
- 2: What soldier of fortune, who had fought with Garibaldi for the unification of Italy in 1860, led a company of former convicts from New Orleans that was called the "Tiger Rifles"?
- 3: What major general, promoted after only four months as a brigadier, ordered the burning of Norfolk's navy yard, which destroyed the CSS *Virginia*?
- 4: What graduate of the West Point class of 1831 was made commissary general by Jefferson Davis?
- 5: What teacher-lawyer, wounded during Pickett's charge, was a postwar congressman, senator, and the only southern commissioner to decide the disputed presidential election of 1876?
- 6: What full general was disgruntled because he thought his U.S. Army rank should have transferred to the Confederate army, thus making him the senior general instead of fourth in seniority?
- 7: What former Indian fighter who, when pursued by Federal forces in September 1862, lost only his trademark, a plumed hat?
- 8: What twenty-eight-year-old major improved artillery tactics so that his "flying battery" appeared to be double in size?
- 9: What West Pointer, class of 1838, took over Stonewall Jackson's division after Jackson's death at Chancellorsville?
- 10: Who was captured first at Williamsburg, Virginia, in May 1862, a second time at Gettysburg in July 1863, and was arrested a third time by Federal troops the night of Lincoln's assassination, although the war was then over?

ANSWERS

1. Brig. Gen. Felix Kirk Zollicoffer (b. Tennessee)
2. Chatham Roberdeau Wheat (b. Virginia)
3. Benjamin Huger (b. South Carolina)
4. Lucius Bellinger Northrop (b. South Carolina)
5. Brig. Gen. Eppa Hunton (b. Virginia)
6. Joseph Eggleston Johnston (b. Virginia)
7. Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown ("Jeb") Stuart
8. Maj. John Pelham (b. Alabama)
9. Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson (b. Virginia)
10. Brig. Gen. William Henry Ritzhugh Payne (b. Virginia)

Webb Garrison is a veteran writer who lives in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. Formerly associate dean of Emory University and president of McKendree College, he has written forty books, including *A Treasury of White House Tales*, *A Treasury of Civil War Tales*, and *A Treasury of Christmas Stories*. *Civil War Trivia* and *Fact Book*, copyright 1992 by Webb Garrison and reprinted by permission of Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee.

uncivil War

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS *by Rod Gragg*

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA: THE STORY OF SOLDIERS & CIVILIANS DURING SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

By Lee Kennett

418 pages, HarperCollins, \$27.50.

From Buzzard Roost Gap to Savannah, the story of Sherman's March is chronicled in fascinating and sometimes chilling detail in this new work. Historian Lee Kennett, who has written books about the World Wars, has produced a captivating, balanced study of Sherman, the soldiers North and South involved in his infamous March to the Sea, and the Southern civilians who endured the terror and the torch. It is a well-researched, well-written record of the March that broke the back of the Confederacy.

It is also an unblinking account of the federal policy of warfare against defenseless civilians that would be repeated by the same commanders (Grant and Sherman) against the Plains Indians after the War. Kennett effectively weaves familiar sources into a compelling narrative and seasons it with obscure accounts and images, such as the photograph of a black Confederate veteran. It is Kennett's first book about the War Between the States; hopefully, it will not be his last.

THE FREDERICKSBURG CAMPAIGN:

DECISION ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Edited by Gary W. Gallagher. 243 pages.

University of the North Carolina Press, \$24.95.

A similar theme of warfare inflicted upon civilians courses through this new study of the Fredericksburg Campaign. "The greatest jolt to sensibilities came on December 12 as the Federal soldiers marched through town," observes historian William Blair in one of the book's seven essays. "Overwhelming testimony from

both sides confirms that rampant pillaging occurred and that it was encouraged by Union officers of at least company grade...Stores were gutted, and soldiers trashed whatever could not be carried off. They entered homes, stripped clothing from bureaus, defaced walls with their unit numbers, and tossed contents into the streets." Fredericksburg's horrors were not restricted to Southern civilians: it was one of the bloodiest campaigns of the war. The famous, futile assault by Northern troops against Lee's entrenched lines is perhaps the war's classic example of Northern bravery. A thoughtful study of the campaign that provoked Lee's memorable observation: "It is well this is so terrible! We should grow too fond of it."

RIDING WITH STUART:

REMINISCENCES OF AN AIDE-DE CAMP.

By Theodore S. Garnett. Edited by Robert J. Trout.

124 pages, White Mane Publishing Co.

(Box 152, Shippensburg, PA 17257), \$19.95.

Discovered in a Virginia attic in 1986, here is a remarkable first-person account of life in camp and field with J.E.B. Stuart. Recorded by Theodore Garnett, an aide to Gen. "Rooney" Lee, the memoir details activities in the final year of Stuart's life. Edited by Robert J. Trout, a Stuart authority, the memoir carries the "feel" of one who was there. His account of receiving the news that Stuart had been mortally wounded at the Battle of Yellow Tavern: "Our dismounted skirmishers then commenced falling back, many a fellow calling loudly for cartridges, having fired his last shot. I stood for some minutes at the spot where our squadron had been broken up—nearly every man gone, and could see the enemy crowding the ridge in front of men, and was

soon the recipient of their attentions, bullet after bullet striking near me and under my horse. I was waiting and expecting every moment to see Gen. Stuart appear, so sure was I that he would ride out of the melee, as I had so often seen him do, smiling and unharmed. But no, the enemy had possession of the road and all our men seemed to have abandoned it...Riding slowly back...I found many men assembling, but in great disorder. Major McClellan met me and told me that Gen. Stuart had been wounded..." Garnett's memoir not only provides a close-up glimpse into Stuart's last days, it is a valuable study of the heralded Confederate cavalry.

GATE OF HELL:

CAMPAIGN FOR CHARLESTON HARBOR, 1863.

By Stephen R. Wise. 312 pages.

University of South Carolina Press, \$27.95.

Lost amid the drama and disaster of Gettysburg and Vicksburg in the summer of 1863 was the campaign for Charleston. In *Gate of Hell*, historian Stephen Wise chronicles the two-month long campaign, profiling the actions of commanders and troops on both sides. Wise is well suited to produce this volume: he is director of the Marine Corps Museum at South Carolina's Parris Island, and is author of *Lifeline of the Confederacy*, the recent acclaimed study of blockade running. In this new work he charts the massive, futile Northern campaign to capture the birthplace of secession. There's enough here to fascinate any student of the war: dramatic combat, naval warfare, artillery action, and the stubborn defense by plucky Charlestonians and their Confederate defenders. ☆

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That says it all. The economic argument is compelling. But it is culture, not economics, which decides our fate and after accepting over 20 million legal aliens in the past three decades (and millions more through illegal immigration), the public is simply saying enough is enough. Hence, the hostile liberal/neocon reaction to this book. Critics accuse Brimelow of trampling on an American tradition. But immigration has never really been a tradition (see comments by Washington and Jefferson); it is, at best, a "luxury, not a necessity." Brimelow makes several sensible, prudent suggestions. The meaningless "Hispanic" racial classification should be abolished. Legal immigration needs to be reduced (with an "English-language requirement"), illegal immigration needs to be stopped at the border and a steady deportation of illegal aliens already here should begin. Critics have dismissed the last suggestion as unrealistic. Well, there are people living on taxpayer dollars whose job it is to deport illegal aliens. This might be a good way of reducing public cynicism with our federal government.

But while the Old Right has won overwhelming public approval for their position, they have yet to grab the attention of the political class. Once again, the public is far ahead of the politicians. Take public opinion on this issue and combine it with political action (or inaction) and you get the feeling we are being governed by our strange and hostile ruling elite. But action is needed soon. Brimelow takes the increasingly logical view that in the name of "diversity," a repressive, totalitarian regime will have to be installed to keep the nation's warring factions under the same roof. Or as Robert E. Lee said on the eve of the Civil

War: "A nation held together by bayonets holds no charm for me."

☆

Joseph Scotchie is a Copperhead, a Northern gentleman of Southern principle, and has become a regular contributor to Southern Partisan.

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honor, wishing that for once his devotion to her and their children would take precedence. Rob Roy's refusal to compromise himself by denouncing Lord Argyll in exchange for the favor of Lord Montrose strikes the modern viewer as mulish and a bit strange. It is difficult, in our jaded and stagnant times, to conceive of a situation in which self-respect is more to be desired than self-protection. Again, one thinks of the many examples of this attitude during the time of the Confederacy. Sam Davis, the boy hero, was hanged because he preferred to die "rather than betray a friend or my country."

Southerners who see Rob Roy should appreciate the faithfulness to the Highlander's manner of speaking. Just as the makers of Gettysburg chose to have the dialogue expressed in a style much closer to the nineteenth century and should be applauded for it, so too the makers of Rob Roy have avoided the anachronism of eighteenth century people speaking as if they live in the present time. The scenes of brutality are certainly difficult to watch; while we all acknowledge the existence of evil, opinions differ on the detail in which evil acts should be depicted. This is a question for the individual viewer; the squeamish should beware.

Now perhaps information exists to suggest that the real Rob Roy was a scoundrel and a low-life and was hopelessly romanticized by the moviemakers. Well, it is ever thus with heroes of legend. It is the ideal of an individ-

ual who places honor, loyalty and duty above all that Southerners cherish. The fact that we do so does not mean that our behavior always measures up to this standard, nor does it mean that those we call "heroes" do not sometimes miss the mark. What comforts us is the knowledge that such an ideal exists and is embodied in the lives of real people, who rise to the occasion when events demand it. Such a person must Rob Roy MacGregor have been, a Scotsman whom Southerners can embrace. ☆

Mary Alice Cook is a freelance writer from Eagle River, Alaska

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Chancellor Bismarck, the guest-of-honour, General William T. Sherman, a great favourite of the Prussian High Command, said that he favoured treating civilians as military targets. The instrument of the U.S. government's policy of Total War (which it first waged on Southerners and then later on Native Americans) declared: "The people must be left nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war."

I suggest that individuals who have imbibed the Northern revisionist account of history reconsider the view of the War Between the States. The cruel and illegal acts perpetrated by Lincoln's government in a barbarous and unconstitutional invasion of the Southern states remind us of modern-day states which believe that they have an abstract right to rule over people without their consent and have the right to use armed might to get their political way. Late in life, John C. Calhoun wrote his daughter: "It ought never to be forgotten that the past is the parent of the present." ☆

Alphonse Vinh is director of the Commonwealth Foundation of Virginia located in Fairfax.

DIVIDING LINE *by Patrick J. Buchanan*

A Time for Economic Nationalism

With the collapse of U.S.-Japan trade talks, the hour of the economic nationalist may be at hand.

According to the *Wall Street Journal*, angry Clintonites intend to impose 100 percent tariffs on \$1 billion of Japan's exports. This doesn't even qualify as a spanking. Americans are in a mood for action; and the GOP should demand more serious sanctions. Enough is enough.

In 1953, we had 60 percent of Japan's auto market; by 1960, our share had been slashed to 1 percent. That is all we have now. Since 1970, Japan has purchased 400,000 U.S. cars, while selling us 40 million. Where Tokyo runs an annual trade surplus of \$150 billion, our merchandise trade deficit is at \$166 billion. As this vast transfer of U.S. wealth and technology was taking place, we were spending 6 percent of our GNP on defense, while free-riding Tokyo kept defense spending below 1 percent.

But now that Japan has given Mr. Clinton's trade envoy the wet mitten across the face, what is America to do?

Free trade ideologues side with the Japanese. To them, trade deficits don't matter; and U.S. consumers who swap pieces of paper (dollars) for quality Japanese goods are the real winners.

But it is getting harder to convince the nation. As our share of world GDP has fallen, and the dollar has shrunk against the mark and yen, the real income of Americans who work with their hands, tools and machines has fallen 20 percent in 20 years.

Anecdotal evidence of a new two-tier economy is everywhere. College graduates come home to live with parents. Mothers leave children in day care, or at school, to take jobs to maintain the family standard of living.

Look at the Mon Valley of Pennsylvania; look at bombed-out, gutted Detroit, once the forge and furnace of the Great Arsenal of Democracy. Are they not as much the fruits of U.S. trade policy, as that rich variety of consumer goods in the malls of Tyson's Corner?

Japan's negotiators hang tough for a simple reason: They are not ideologues; they are economic nationalists looking out for Japan first. Why should they abandon a protectionist trade policy that has worked splendidly for them, to adopt a U.S.-style trade policy that has failed dismally for us? It is the Americans, not the Japanese, who are the riddle wrapped in the enigma here.

As for those U.S. officials who incessantly lecture them on free trade, Japan's envoys must have a special contempt. For many of the biggest names wind up on Tokyo's payrolls, parroting the Japanese line, as Washington lobbyists for the Empire of the Sun.

But not only Middle America is now losing patience. So, too, is the Establishment.

"We are being played for fools," writes Thomas Friedman of the *New York Times*. "Japan will only change when we use the full strategic and economic weight of the U.S. to make clear to Tokyo that a failure to open all

markets, with concrete results, will lead to a crisis in the U.S.-Japan strategic relationship—not just the economic one—and specific retaliations against Japanese exports."

Amen. Instead of whining to the WTO, let Congress, for once, take unilateral action in the U.S. national interest. An across-the-board tariff of 10 percent on all Japanese goods entering the U.S. would net us \$12.5 billion. That shock would awaken Tokyo and the predatory traders of East Asia to the new reality that we Americans have begun looking out for America first. Dollar for dollar, the revenue could be used to cut corporate taxes on small business. We should be replacing U.S. income taxes with consumption taxes—but only on foreign goods.

As the price of Japanese autos rose Detroit could recapture old markets, creating new American jobs; while small businesses could use their \$12.5 billion in tax relief to create still more jobs.

If Japan retaliates, raise the tariff to 20 percent.

Japan is the aggressor here. But Japan cannot win a trade war with America. She would be putting at risk \$125 billion in exports to us, while we would risk but \$60 billion in exports to her.

Toward free traders like Canada and Europe, our policy should remain free trade. But toward predators like Japan and China, it is a time for hardball. Mr. Clinton's men are gingerly moving that way. Unencumbered by conviction, they will play the nationalist card. And if the GOP stays with GATT and globalism, it will ride them down to political ruin. ☆

THE LAST WORD

by Samuel Francis

Liberal Media Are the Real Paranoids

If it's a Reign of Terror you want, forget last April's vicious mass murder in Oklahoma City. From almost the moment the bomb went off and especially after the identification of the rat-eyed Timothy McVeigh as the main suspect, both President Clinton and most of the national media have exploited this atrocity for the basest political purposes, trying to weave every group and individual to the right of Tipper Gore into a largely fictitious web of conspiracy, "hate," "violence" and "paranoia."

"DID NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION ADS SPARK BOMBING?" a Scripps-Howard wire story coyly queried in a headline. Josh Sugarmann, executive director of the Violence Policy Center and one of the main architects of last year's "assault weapons ban," had a quick and ready answer. "We think the tragedy in Oklahoma City is the inevitable result of a concerted campaign led by the National Rifle Association attacking the Clinton administration and the ATF for their gun control policies," he pronounced less than 24 hours after Mr. McVeigh was identified. Reporter Saul Friedman of *Newsday* actually asked Speaker Newt Gingrich if he thought the "anti-government climate" he and the Republicans had created contributed to the bombing, and this week's *Time* hits the same high note.

"The radical right in America today has its extremist component, which plainly was a force in the 1994 elections," writes journalist Philip Weiss in the weekly news magazine. Mr. Weiss proceeds to loop in "Christian home-

schoolers, conspiracy theorists influenced by the John Birch Society's fear of one-world government; Second Amendment activists (mostly men)...self-reliant types who resent a federal government that seems to favor grizzly bears and wolves over humans on government land."

Mr. Weiss admits it's "several giant steps" from such citizens to the "extremist-fringe thinking" that seems to have bred the Oklahoma City bombing, but the "link" had already been established.

Speaking of "links," news stories continued throughout the week to dwell on the Michigan Militia as a group to which the killers "have been linked."

What "links?" Who alleged the "links?" As early as Friday afternoon, the Associated Press quoted a federal law enforcement official that the suspects are "people the militia doesn't want to be associated with." Militia spokesmen quickly stated that they knew of no attempt by Mr. McVeigh to join their group, and as for the Nichols brothers, still under suspicion, "one of them did attend one meeting one time, apparently was saying things that were not pleasant and was asked to leave the meeting, [and] was never a member of the Michigan Militia."

Mr. McVeigh himself appears to be a first-class candidate for the rubber room regiment. He's said to believe the government planted electronic chips in his rear end to keep track of him, and an old army buddy avers, "He's crazy." Thus far, then, the bombing seems to have been the work of a tiny band of crazed

losers and loners, in no way connected to the mainstream conservative movement, the Republican Party, right-leaning talk show hosts or the broader Populist Right that flourishes in legitimate reaction to a corrupt and swollen government out of control.

But the chief engineer of the Reichstag Fire backlash is Mr. Clinton himself, from whose mind political advantage is never very far. The president has regurgitated all the media's opaque smears of his political critics on the right. He may be tempted to go further if he authorizes infiltration and harassment of law-abiding groups on the right that don't like him or the direction of the government and the country.

Personally, I have little use for the "militia movement," even at its most harmless. If these week-end Rambos spent half as much time lobbying their congressmen on gun control as they do strutting up and down in the woods on "maneuvers," we and they would all be better off. But "dangerous" doesn't apply to most of them.

The real killers in Oklahoma City should be hauled to the gallows as soon as possible, and really violent and dangerous elements, right or left, should surely be kept track of. But the authentic grassroots right is a healthy and necessary barrier to the terror from the left that Mr. Clinton and his henchmen in the media are trying to unleash in a desperate bid to save their own dwindling power from the peaceful revolution against big government the new populists promise.

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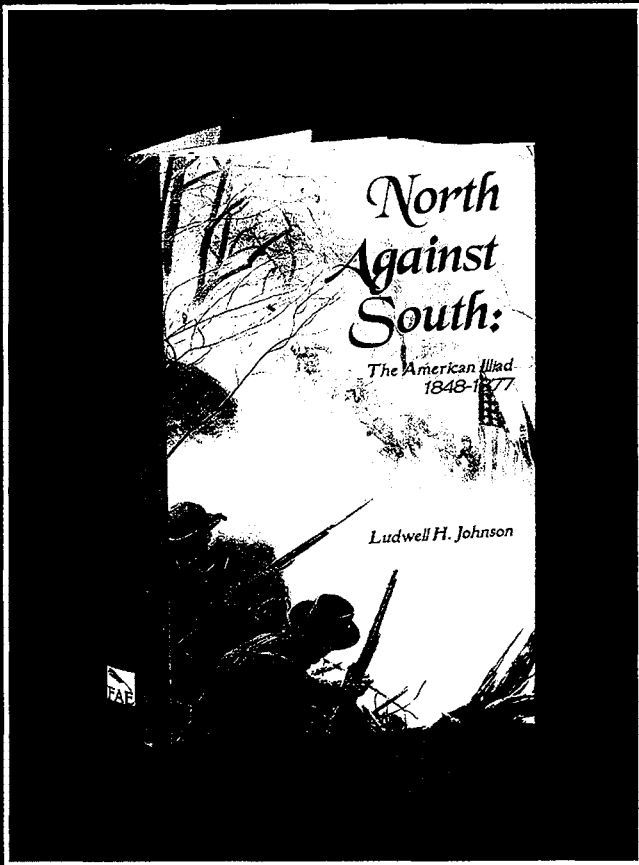
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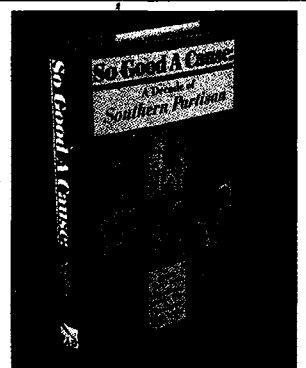
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